

The Saturday Evening Post

Established
Aug. 4, 1811.

HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers,
No. 315 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

Price 55.50 A Year, in Advance.
Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number
Issued, 3540.

UNLOVED, ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY C. T. L.

Unloved, alone—oh, sad indeed that lot,
Where weary hours have graven on the
heart,
The bitter consciousness that in Life's joys,
And hopes, and happiness, it bears no part.

Heavy the footsteps, though the years are
few,
White as in death the lips that breathe
the moan,
"No one to love me, oh, that I could die.
Pity me, God, I am unloved, alone."

Sunshine and radiance gladden other paths,
Mine is with shadows thronged, dark as
the night.
Gayly and idly floats their "barque of life,"
Aimless and storm-tossed speeds my ves-
sel's flight.

Perfume and song and light float on the
air,
Music and flowers and grace, are round
me thrown.
Beauty clings close to life, but not for me;
It mocks my pain. I am unloved, alone.

Oh ye whom Love, the fadeless and the
pure,
Has cradled, guarded, shielded from all
woe,
Smoothing the path that else must thorny
prove,
Cherish it well, not half its worth ye
know.

If glances meet your own of changeless
truth,
If lips of love breathe words in music's
tone,
Pause in your happiness, and pray for those
Whose destiny is still, unloved, alone.

If tender hands are placed upon your brow,
If arms enfold to wipe away all care,
If hearts, the warm, the true, your welfare
guard,
Blest is your lot, oh, hallow it by prayer.

And if a voice dearer than all beside,
Murmurs caressingly the words "My own,"
Know and adore the giver of it all,
Whose mercy left you not unloved, alone.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIET,"
&c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1870 by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI. WITH THE TIDE.

Three days had elapsed and Paul Ruther-
ford was still Mr. Thorndike's guest. Busi-
ness grew upon him, and every night left
something to be undertaken on the morrow.
The investments promised very fair. He
had become guardian for the child of a
friend, and just now there was a consider-
able amount of funds lying idle, besides
much of his own. But he was a wary man,
and wanted to be quite sure before he risked
much.

Mr. Thorndike had seen very little of
him. Her husband took him off in the
morning, and perhaps by accident they dropped
in to lunch, and at dinner there was
always company. Half a dozen men who
were presidents or directors or secretaries,
and who appeared to have the art of money
making always at their tongue's end. They
sat a long while at the table and then ad-
joined to the library, where wine and cigars
were served, and no women were needed to
grace this festive board.

Lucy Thorndike dressed herself with ex-
quisite care every day. She did not desire
to attract anyone, but simply to please her-
self. At one time she made her hair a mass
of silken waves; another, it was a coil of
shining braids, with here and there a stray
curl escaped from bands. There seemed to
be no end to her diversity, and each new
attempt rendered her lovelier.

To Mr. Rutherford her patient grace was
something remarkable. She had not looked
unnatural since that first night. Indeed, he
began to question now whether this had not
been partly due to imagination. Still, she
had confessed that she was not happy! How
could she be?

For that she had fine feelings, rare sym-
pathy, and a tender soul, he could not ques-
tion. Each day he was drawn more closely
toward her. Not in any sense of love. The
man was too essentially noble to have one
thought derogatory to her or any woman.
His was not a nature to love easily. He
must respect and admire a long while before
he could yield his soul for with it, to him,
went the larger part of liberty.

Unwittingly he endorsed the verdict against
her. She was peculiar. Sometimes as he
watched her, for he had keen eyes and
saw what passed around him without much
effort, he really longed to rouse her soul and

direct it aright as the kindest of brothers
might have done, but prudence restrained
him. Would it be for the best? Was wis-
dom such a boon?

She was putting on her driving-gloves one
afternoon, and her pony plumed stood at the
door, when he sauntered up the walk. She
certainly could not accuse him of looking ill,
so she smiled in her radiant fashion, and
said carelessly.

"Where is Mr. Thorndike?"
"He went to Graysburg an hour ago. I
was to tell you not to wait dinner for him,
as he cannot be back before nine this even-
ing."

"And you?" she continued, rather hesi-
tatingly.

"O, do not disturb yourself about me,"
he answered in a cheerful voice. "I
thought I would give my brain rest for an
hour or two, as it has been rather over-
crowded of late. I shall do very well
alone."

She knew by that his intention was to re-
main indoors; and thinking of what her
husband had said in the beginning, she
almost fancied that it was her duty to stay
at home and entertain him. And there was
just the faintest tinge of disappointment in
his face.

Then she remembered that she had start-
ed to take some word to Rachel, who asked
a favor so seldom, that it would not be wise
to neglect this one.

"I wish you would go with me," she said
earnestly.

"Do you? Is it just a mere pleasure
drive?"

"We will drive for pleasure. Then I am
going to make one call—on a lady."

There was a mischievous light playing
about her eyes. He drew down his brows.
"My sister," she pursued. "You have
not seen her, I think."

"No, though I have been in the habit of
meeting your father daily."

"Well, will you go?"

"Yes."

Something in his ready compliance rather
piqued her. Did he fancy that her sister
might be like her? she wondered.

She came down the steps, and was handed
in with grave courtesies. He took the
reins.

"But you must direct," he said.

"We will drive straight down the street,
first. It is the prettiest in Dedham, I think.
These touches of Autumn improve the land-
scape."

"But at what a cost!"

There was a strange and sudden gravity
in his voice.

"Don't you like Autumn, then? I think
it glorious."

"It is that indeed, and yet it is so pain-
fully suggestive of change. From the
glowing ripeness, it is but a step to decay,
dreariness."

"And you feel this dreariness, you, a
man, who can mould events to his liking?"

"Can I?"

He gave an odd, abrupt smile, and there
was a far look in his eyes that puzzled her.

"Perhaps you do not desire. You may
be content."

"You are laughing at me," for he was
quick to detect the light irony of her tone.

"No, I am not laughing at you. Look at
this picture, Mr. Rutherford."

He glanced in the direction that her eyes
indicated. A silvery river, winding round,
and on the opposite shore the gradual slope
of gray and purple hills, for to-day the sun
was soft and hazy, and these were lying in
the shade. Nearer there was an emerald
tint broken by clusters of late wild flowers,
among which the golden rod was conspicuous.

A low, continuous chirp of crickets and
insects thronged in among the pulses of the
river that gave slow, rhythmic beats.

He studied that for a moment, and then
her face, which was soft and dreamy as the
brooding air.

"It is very lovely."

The words were not much, but the tone
was deep and heartfelt. She understood it
so thoroughly. Here was the kind of man
with whom life would be a perfect enjoy-
ment. I believe she thought to herself a
little sadly that his wife would be a happy
woman. Then she remembered that she
knew absolutely nothing of his circum-
stances.

She flushed and changed the tenor of the
conversation. He misunderstood the effort,
and attempted to set her right. He was not
insensible to the beauty of nature, to such
exquisite coloring and harmony.

"No," she said. "I should never fancy
that you were. I know that your soul is
neither deaf nor blind."

Then she lapsed into silence, and though
he talked, he could not rouse her. Her
eyes were fixed on the bit of road before
them, but her thoughts were upon him.

Grave by nature and capable of suffering
keenly, but with a deep, unwearied ten-
derness for all others in the depths of pain
or care. With such a guide one might grow
pure and strong, come up to the grand
heights of life.

"But it is quite impossible," she said in a
dry, hard tone.

"What is?" and he looked up in amaze,
startled by the sudden and incongruous out-
burst.

"The subject that I have been consider-
ing for the last five minutes."

He felt a trifle displeased.

"You forget," he said, "that I really
know nothing about your thoughts."

She gave a weird little laugh.

"If you were wise you could guess it
from my face."

She turned toward him as she spoke. He
only saw the dazzling complexion, the deep
eyes which were as mysterious as an unseen
world, the soft tint of the cheeks and the
sculptured features. If she had not known
that she could believe him she would not
have dared. There are some secure mo-
ments in all lives.

"No, I cannot guess," he made answer
after a long pause.

"Will you turn this corner, then? And—
take the next street. My father is a plain
man, Mr. Rutherford."

She uttered the last almost sharply.

They stopped before the door. He fastened
the horse and she gathered her flowing
skirt as she picked her way daintily up the
path.

Rachel received them with her usual se-
vere countenance. She had scarcely changed

in appearance, and still sat with her work-
basket by her side. That would always be
indispensable.

Lucy's message being of a rather private
nature, she presently withdrew Rachel from
the room and delivered it.

"This Mr. Rutherford is staying at your
house?" Rachel said.

"Yes. Warren went away this afternoon,
and sent him home for me to entertain, so I
thought I'd bring him to call upon you."

"And Warren approves of your riding
round with any picked-up acquaintances?
What do you know of this man?"

"Nothing. My husband brought him to
the house—that is sufficient for me."

Lucy Thorndike's eyes flashed, and her
words had an incisive ring.

"I never was taught to consider it re-
spectable for married women to be gallanted
here and there by strangers!"

"Rachel, you are a fool!"

Rachel Garth bit her thin lips and turned
pale.

"Go your own gait," she said, snapping
off her words. "Warren is blind and you
are a weak, silly coquette. He will rue it
some day!"

"Oh, I'm not so far on the high road to
destruction as you think," and she gave a
mocking laugh. "And I'm going to give a
party. Will you come? It is to be on my
birth-night."

"I never go to parties, as you well know,"
was the frigid answer. "But I have warned
you!"

"Yes, I never come here without a lec-
ture!" Lucy returned hotly. "But you are
an ungracious mentor, Rachel."

With that she led the way back to the
sitting room, and signified to her attendant
in the most benumbing manner that she
was ready to depart.

Rachel glanced after them. "I'll never
utter another word if she becomes the town
talk," she said angrily to herself.

It did fret her to see Lucy revelling in the
luxuries of life in this careless manner.
And what was worse, Warren Thorndike
looked on and smiled.

They drove for some time in silence. Mr.
Rutherford's face wore a perplexed ex-
pression.

"Shall I guess your thoughts?" she asked
gaily.

"If you can."

"You are wondering at the difference be-
tween my sister and myself."

"Yes." He turned partly round, with an
air of interest that deepened into a smile.

"We are sisters on my father's side only."

"I remarked her likeness to him."

He wanted to add that she was fortunate
in not possessing any more marked resem-
blances.

"She finds a work to do in this world, and
I fancy dread the old couplet about idle
hands. But I believe the lilies of the field
were not censured."

"There is such a thing as ennobling labor,"
Mrs. Thorndike, he said gravely.

"But I like idleness. There are times
when I could throw myself on a mound of
grass like that yonder, and quaff its damp,
delicious perfume, as if it were some rare
wine. Or, stealing into forest depths, fancy
myself a dried haunting mysterious groves,

ready to take shape of bird or bee; or of a
sephyr to float on the edge of a rosy cloud,
drenched with the incense of sweetest
flowers."

Her eyes were dangerously luminous, and
the scarlet lips seemed to throb with in-
ward passion, refined to a degree of subli-
mity.

Why disturb her, sweet heathen that she
was! Let her go on, and perhaps never
awake to needs that might be madness.

Rachel's warning had the opposite effect
upon her. Since her husband had asked
her to entertain his guest, she would do it
in a royal manner. As for danger, who
dreamed of such a thing! It was a sign of
that funny, over-scrupulous brain.

They dised alone, and afterward she sang
to him. Weird, sparkling melodies, that
were crisp and piquant, rather than senti-
mental. And there Mr. Thorndike dropped
in upon them with his common-place.

Her vague dissatisfaction reached a crisis
that evening. A great gulf seemed to yawn
before her, cutting her off from her kind.
Not human kind—there would always be
some to admire and applaud, but the pure,
high souls, whose clear, steadfast eyes
glanced over to the other shore where they
were to be crowned victors, when their good
fight had been made in this. They would
always stand aloof—as this man had hours
ago. She was not worth the helping hand!

She ran up stairs presently, tore off her
jewels, and dragged the flowers out of her
hair. Oh, if she could go back, if she could
leave Warren Thorndike unwedded! She
had sold herself soul and body to the liberty
and gold that looked so tempting. She knew
now that she did not love him, never had,
and that life was a hideous mockery. So
soon had she come to the knowledge that
Mr. Rutherford would forever have hid-
den.

Although it was late, she sat there at the
window in the floods of perfumed moon-
light, for the falling dew had rilled every
shrub and tree of sweetness. Her husband
had gained his point and was coarsely good-
humored, and then too, she looked very
lovely, so he kissed her in his rough
fashion.

It seemed as if she could not endure it,
and she raised her hand to push him away.
Every pulse of her body revolted at the
caress.

Then she remembered that she had be-
come his wife of her own accord. In his
fashion he loved her.

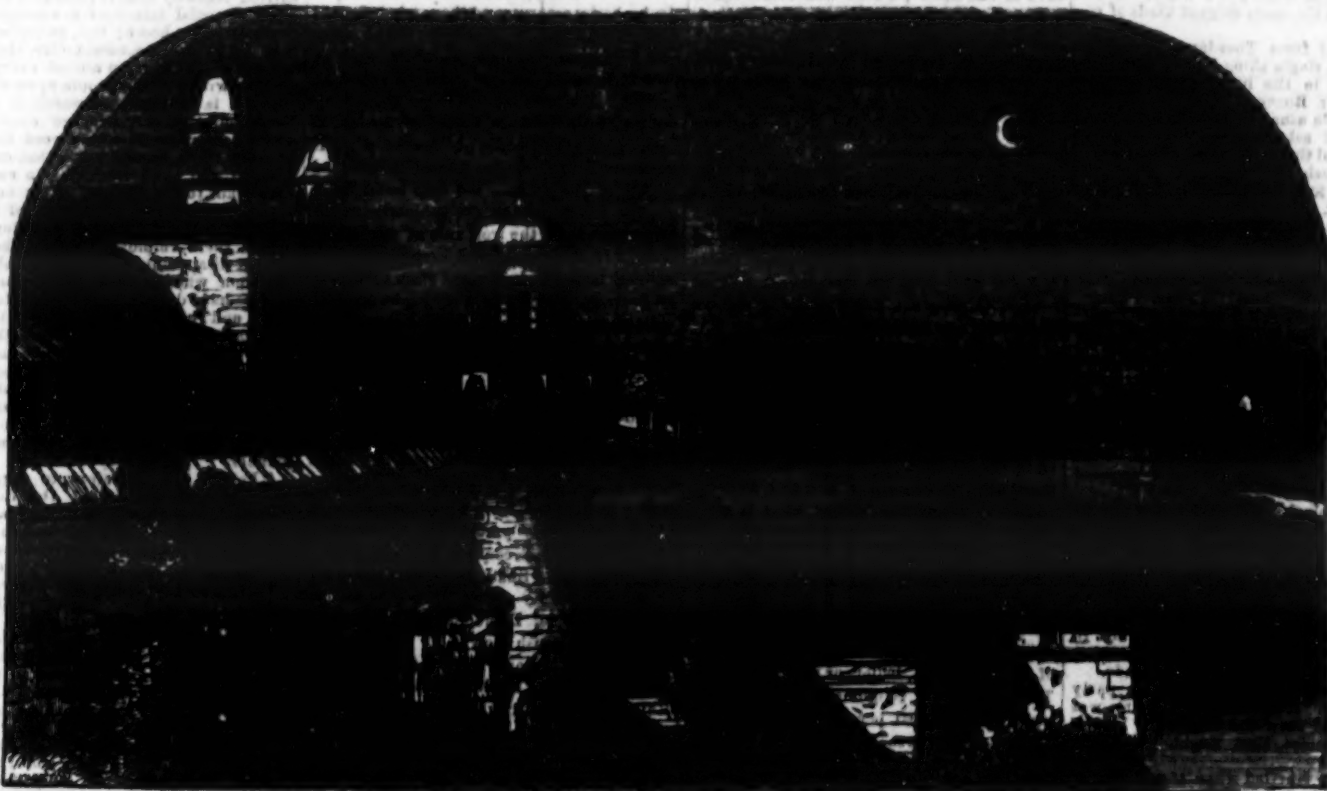
"You'll be moon-struck sitting here," he
said with a laugh.

"And lose my wit? I sometimes think
that I have lost them."

She shivered visibly.

"Come, it's too cold," and he closed the
window. "Do you know how late it is?
Rutherford's won at last, though he's along
headed fellow. And now what about your
party? When do you want it? I saw some
fellows to-day that I'd like to ask."

"Warren," she said, solemnly, laying her
hand on her husband's arm, "there's no
danger about this investment! For it
seems to me that it would be the blackest
of treachery to share your hospitality with
a man you might drag to ruin months
hence."



PALACE OF AGRA, INDIA.

Agra was raised from a village to the rank
of a capital by the Emperor Akbar, one of
the greatest monarchs that India ever knew.
He reigned during all the latter part of the
sixteenth century. The fort is large, and

contains many beautiful edifices; memorials
of that emperor's taste and magnificence.

But the most remarkable ornament of
Agra, architecturally considered, is the
wondrous Taj Mahal—the tomb raised by

Shah J-han, son of Akbar, to the memory of
his sultana-queen. This splendid pile was
more than 20 years in erection, and it cost more
than £800,000 sterling; which, in these days,
would be equal to three or four millions.

It is constructed entirely of white marble.
The quadrangle is 570 feet square; and for
exquisite symmetry, says Mrs. Mackenzie,
"St. Peter's at Rome is not to be named in
the same breath with it."

"Rain!" he exclaimed, angrily. "What think of that? Why, it's my own money as well as his. Do you suppose I'd be fool enough to turn my own money?"

"No, he was in earnest, and believed what he said. And there stood he, with a shiver in his face, the fact said."

"The money is to be opened just as soon as matters can be brought into shape. It won't pay so amazingly fast year or two, but there's a fortune in it. We have the capital now, and can go on with a rush."

"Be careful!" she entreated.

"Oh, you women had better not bother your brains about such things. Tend to your faces and full-hair."

She was his wife. "Till death do us part." With a faint, sickening sensation, Lucy Thorndike turned away and longed for freedom in the little room that she had once despised.

The young feel keenly and suffer strongly, but they are susceptible to so many influences. Circumstances bear so strongly upon us all. What might in solitude become a master passion, is weakened and changed by the pressing cares of life.

The following morning, Lucy Thorndike found herself a good deal interested in disarming the party. Her husband felt inclined to make a very splendid affair of it, and asked her to write out a list of invitations, and also the more elegant kinds of refreshments.

"Two weeks from Tuesday—last night. Don't forget a single thing."

They stood in the library, and he was waiting for Mr. Rutherford to come down. She felt a trifle ashamed of her tempest of last night, and asked herself if she ought not to be thankful that she had so generous and indulgent a husband!

"Warren, I took Mr. Rutherford out driving, yesterday. He came in just as I was going down to father's."

"That was clever."

"And Rachel said—that it did not look respectable for me to be driving round with strange men."

She glanced at her husband very earnestly, but no fine sentiment stole into his face.

"What did you say?"

She repeated her defence.

"Good! You're a spunky little thing, and she's a funny old maid, according to the Kip training."

"He was your friend, I don't even know to this moment whether he is married or single."

"Oh, he's single—and it was uncommon kind for you to give Rachel a sight at him. He's a nice fellow, too. She needn't fret herself!"

That was all. A quick elastic tread came down the stairs, and Paul Rutherford halted in the hall, a nobleman of nature's stamp, a fine, pure soul. She tried not to contrast them. Indeed, she turned rather coldly away from some remark he made.

She was soon deeply engrossed in party arrangements. Her list of guests was made out, and then she bestowed herself of the delicacies that might grace her table.

Yet she was startled when the two came in to lunch, to hear Mr. Rutherford announce his departure.

"You'll be back in a fortnight, Rutherford! We're going to have a sort of blow-out!"

Lucy winced a little at this inane announcement.

"We expect to entertain a little company on the evening of the twenty-third," she said, quietly. "We shall be most glad to see you."

"Thank you. I have some business in Baltimore; but if it is possible I shall be happy to come."

Their good-byes were quietly said. Lucy Thorndike fell into a dreamy mood afterward.

"It would be just as well if I never saw him again," she thought. "He represents a class and a type beyond my reach. To awake to such a life and find myself chained here, would be—madness!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the day may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy and a large Premium Steel Engraving \$5.00; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$3.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$2.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$1.50. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia, or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

NEW ENGLAND Premium. For 10 subscribers at \$1.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers and \$20—we will send a Sewing-Machine No. 10 Machine, price \$25. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$1.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the Lady's Friend.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address: HENRY PETERSON & Co., 219 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novellet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novellet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

Some people have such a passion for Unity—they are so well satisfied that what they believe is the Truth, and their modes of acting and living the only right modes—that they would compel, if they could, everybody else to believe and act and live precisely as they do.

In fact, the only idea of Liberty which some of these people—and very good people they often are—seem to possess, is the Liberty of making every other person do what they think right.

Now our object in the present article is to illustrate the folly of this, by showing the great benefits which result from Diversity—Diversity in Thought, Belief, Action, and Modes of Life.

It may be said in the first place, that Diversity of Thought and Action is simply the result of the natural differences in the characters of men. Men are created very unlike both in their physical and mental organizations. No two men can be found who are precisely similar. Even the children of the same parents will often differ very widely in the most important physical and mental respects. Now this continual tendency of Nature to unlikeness, would seem to prove conclusively that Diversity is what Nature, which is to be considered the will of God, is always aiming at. Not Diversity beyond certain limits, but Diversity within certain bounds—a Diversity in Unity. All human beings made alike in one sense—all greatly unlike in another.

As we have already said, every fabric of man that has in it the element of Durability, is built upon the eternal rock of Fact—upon those great foundations of Nature which God has laid, and not man.

And so we should build the fabric of Freedom upon the great Facts of Human Nature, including the Free Agency of Man. The individual man has a right to be what his Creator made him to be—and to be protected in the exercise of his Free Agency—so that he may believe, and act, and live according to his own views of what is right and proper, and not be forced to conform to some other man's views. This, and nothing else, is Freedom.

The very worst feature of Tyranny is always this, that it seeks to compress and force the Diversity of Nature into the mould of some one idea, belief, or mode of action. Thus it is with religious persecution, and legal and political persecution. The very essence of it all is that A, having the power of numbers or authority on his side, endeavors to make B believe or do what he, A, thinks right.

Now the true idea of Freedom is, the allowing of men to expand and develop their powers according to their own nature and will. Authority not interfering except to prevent one from infringing upon the development and the rights of another.

Take a certain man, and put him on the sterile soil of New England, and take another man, and put him upon the rich soil of some Southern state—one exposed to a low degree of cold, and another to a high average of heat—and let each live exposed thus to different influences, and their children after them for generations, and you will have ultimately two different kinds of men—men differing alike in their physical and mental conformation, and who will naturally develop different modes of thought, and embrace different styles of living.

And is there anything to be regretted in this? Nothing. It is what the Creator evidently designed when He made men various, and soils and temperatures various. If He had not designed it, He could easily have made it otherwise. He could have made men alike as two monkeys or two peas—though not even two peas, much less two monkeys, were probably ever made precisely alike.

Diversity is valuable, because its result is a more complex and a superior life. As in nature the growth of vegetables and fruits and trees is the outcome of apparently conflicting forces—as you must have rains to water the earth, and then the winds to dry the earth; light and darkness; heat and cold—so mental and spiritual life seems to need for its higher development a great diversity of elements and forces.

The "glory that was Greece," is probably attributable to the fact that a superior race of men was located in a land greatly diversified in its natural aspects—with mountains and valleys, and islands, and surrounding sea—while the population, though speaking mainly the same tongue, was split up into little, separate communities, generally independent of each other. This diversity in nature and government naturally tended to diverse views of the great problems of life. And the result of this diversity of view was a many-sided perception of Truth—culminating in the highest art, and the most profound philosophy.

If Greece had been a level plain—and her little states been moulded at the outset by arbitrary power into one great nation—it is not at all probable that Grecian art or Grecian philosophy would ever have existed.

When Rome became mistress of the world—and her modes of thought were sternly enforced upon all nations—Diversity being crushed beneath the mighty juggernaut of Imperial Unity—then was the further progress of the human mind rendered impossible. The breaking to pieces of that mighty Empire, so that diverse modes of thought and life might again flourish in security and peace, was a necessity, if the mental

and spiritual condition of mankind was not to recede with every century.

China affords an example of a nation that after making great progress, has remained stationary for hundreds of years. We have not sufficient facts to warrant more than mere guesses at the reason. But it is not surprising that the stagnation of China has come from the same established unity of thought, belief and modes of living—a Unity enforced by a most potent system of public education, by public opinion, and by governmental authority. The intellectual progress of China was probably made at a period when Diversity was tolerated—when the precepts of Confucius, excellent as they are, had not become the positive law of the country, regulating the minutest details of life. This strict enforcement of Unity will probably be found to be the main cause of the singularly torpid condition of the Chinese people.

Europe affords a wonderful instance of mental and material progress. On the remains of the Roman Empire, and as a result of the civilization of the various tribes of the barbarians, sprung up the many independent monarchies of Europe. Great wars and numerous evils have been the result of this division of Europe into independent nations. But another result has been a Diversity of Thought, of Belief, of Action, of Life, which has made of Europe what it now is—the most cultivated and enlightened region of the earth. We can imagine no greater calamity than the subjection of all these nations to the iron rule of any one of them. If Europe were all French, it would scarcely be better in the end than to have it all Cossack. Diversity of Thought and Development would be crushed—and with the crushing of Diversity, another thousand years of the Dark Ages would begin.

We are treading in a rapid editorial, what would almost require a volume for its satisfactory elucidation. But we hope these brief suggestions will be followed out in the minds of thoughtful readers.

The question we have raised is a practical one—an intensely practical one. We are now laying in this country the foundations of the Future. Shall we have a complex Diversity in Unity—or shall we have simply a plain, simple, Democratic, Iron Unity; which shall crush down all Diversity in Thought, Action, and Modes of Life, by the mighty power of Public Opinion, the stern Rule of the Majority, and the bayonets of Federal Law?

Oh, how rapidly our people are insisting upon "making History"—how recklessly they are rushing forward to mould immature thought into enduring Forms—without even seeming to understand that there can be any question as to what is the best and wisest thing to do.

And we have so statesmen—positively not a single great statesman—to hold in check a crowd of hungry politicians, who are not even ambitious in the high and noble sense—cormorants and buzzards, not Eagles.

Europe has Diversity, organized into and protected by independent kingdoms, and she reaps the splendid results of it. If she would allow more Diversity, by allowing Free Thought and its consequences, in all of her kingdoms, she would witness still more splendid results. But she has Diversity in Discord—not in Unity. Hence frequent disputes, intrigues, and devastating wars.

We have the Unity of a Federal System. This protects us, if we are wise and prudent, from internal dissensions and foreign enemies. Our danger is a Democratic Absolutism—which shall crush down as an offence all Diversity of Thought, Action and Life. Which shall make the views of a Majority the enforced Political, Religious and Moral Creed of the whole country.

An eloquent and sincere, but somewhat narrow and superficial theorist, said a few years ago in an address in this city, that what we wanted in this country was a homogeneous people—that he desired to see the whole country re-made after the pattern of New England. What narrowness, and what folly! Such a consummation is not possible, except at the sacrifice of all vitality in three-fourths of the Union. As well expect to grow cotton and rice and sugar on the stony fields of Massachusetts, as to raise New Englanders on the soil and in the climate of South Carolina. And better, far better it is to have both the Pine and the Palm, than to have a sickly growth of either upon an alien soil. No—not what we want is not a nation made after the New England or any other local pattern—but a nation in which every portion shall be free to grow in its natural form. A nation in which New England, and the Central States, and the West, and the South, and the Pacific Region—each large enough for an empire in itself—shall grow and develop according to its soil and climate, and special influences and circumstances. All unlike, but all bound together by a common tie in harmony and peace. Then out of these diverse forms and growths, harmoniously contending and vying with each other, mind striving with and against mind, shall emerge a Civilization the grandest and noblest and most complete the world ever saw.

But out of Oneness, Unity, Absolutism, comes no life. What we need for the law of our national growth is, DIVERSITY IN UNITY. And would that this mighty phrase, rather even than the expressive *E Pluribus Unum*, were engraved as our national motto, upon the shield of the Republic.

THE FLEAS OF OFFICE.

Hon. William D. Kelley of this city, in a recent letter to a number of his constituents, who had requested him to become for the sixth time their candidate for Congress, comments with much force and good sense upon the burden now laid upon members of Congress.

"Of finding places for all people of both sexes known to them." Mr. Kelley says:—

"The practice of sending people to their Congressional Representatives for employment has become so common as to be intolerable. To the fifty or more good-hearted people who, at their convenience, each write a note during the day, it is a matter of small concern; but to the unhappy being upon whom they concentrate the next day, and who, as has often been my case, would gladly find work for some worthy and suffering soldier whose case had come under his own observation, but knows not where to look for it, it is a more serious matter; and the wrong is not lessened by the discovery that the bearer has been assured by the respectable writer that a note from the member will certainly get him work and wages without delay."

To such an extent has this practice been carried recently that it precludes the possibility of social intercourse, correspondence or study in my home; but, annoying as this may be to the Representative, that is the least of it, for it is, in almost every case, a positive wrong to the people upon whom the practice is indulged. Assurances that the Representative can procure employment, given by persons in whose word they have implicit faith, inspire hopes that cannot be fulfilled, and not infrequently a confidence that leads to destitution. Days and weeks are sometimes lost in pursuit of the man whose magical power, it is believed, will secure them employment; and the bitterness of disappointment that overtakes many of them when they discover how their friends have deceived them is painful to observe, and I am unwilling longer to be a party to such a practice. If, therefore, the acceptance of a re-nomination is to be understood as implying a willingness on my part to be longer regarded as such an agent, I must beg leave to decline the honor, grateful as I would be to receive it freed from this condition, and tendered in so complimentary a manner.

Permit me, therefore, to suggest that it may be possible that the Republican voters of the Fourth District, having had this great and growing evil brought to their attention, will condemn and endeavor to extirpate it. This could be done by electing a nominating convention which would approve a proper Civil Service bill, and instruct the candidate nominated to make its principles his rule of action if elected; or would adopt a resolution deprecating the interference of Representatives in the selection of subordinate employees in the public offices and workshops. If this can be done, and the Representative can be permitted to devote his time to the study of the important questions now at issue, and the support of the great interests at stake, I will waive all personal objections, and gratefully comply with your request by placing myself in your hands as a candidate for re-nomination."

We are glad to see that there are members of Congress who welcome thus the proposition to pass a Civil Service Bill, which shall place suitable men in office, and keep them there so long as they prove themselves to be faithful and efficient officers, without regard to their politics, or their want of politics.

Several years ago when we were in Washington, we could but laugh at the way in which office-seekers dogged Mr. Kelley. Whether they watched in the corridors to see him leave his bed in the morning, we are not certain; but at the door of the breakfast room, going in and going out, he was regularly victimized. He requested us at the time, as a member of the press, to make some fitting comments upon this persecution to which he and others were subjected—but really we thought then he half liked it. Mr. Verree, another member from this city, holding the same political faith, did not seem to be bothered in the least—for one reason probably because he had not so much influence, and for another because he would not stand it. It was a waste of powder to spend time on Verree, who much preferred showing pretty constituents the lions of Washington—doing his duty thus like a man—than importuning crusty officials to give offices and contracts to a set of cormorants who better deserved a good kicking.

We doubtless did Mr. Kelley in our haste more or less injustice—supposing simply that he was getting up a "tail." Every Highland chieftain, you know, in the old times, had to have "a tail," if he would pass for anybody—a crowd of dirty, ragged, but well-armed retainers, willing on all occasions to swear and fight and die for him. And so every prominent man in Washington, especially every Senator—for all Senators are standing candidates for the Presidency—has to have his tail, who puff him in conversation and in the papers, support him and his men for office, and receive in return the crumbs that fall from the Senator's political table. Thus in the recent case of the Nashville Post Office, we read that Senator Fowler "has won the fight" over the President's nominee, Mr. Hopkins. As the reporter's account says:—

Mr. Embury, the incumbent, is the father-in-law of Senator Fowler, whom the latter desires to retain in office. The President nominated Mr. Hopkins several months ago, and there have been many decisions in the Senate as to who should control the office. The pressure in favor of Mr. Hopkins's confirmation has been immense, and the question arose as to whether Mr. Fowler should control the office in opposition to the whole Tennessee delegation, merely because he resided in the city. It was finally decided, as was the case of Senator Davis and others, that the office belonged to Fowler, and Mr. Hopkins was rejected by a majority of one vote. Mr. Fowler has asked for few offices, and to this one he devoted his whole strength.

You see a majority of the Senate hung to-

gether in this matter. What would become of their respective "tails" if they did not? They have thus the bestowal of important posts, and those who fill those posts have their "wing of followers who look up to them, and so on. It is a beautiful system, as any sensible man will see. As Mr. Curtis quoted from Swift the other evening:—

"Big Sees have little Sees
To worry and to bite 'em,
And then in turn have smaller Sees,
And so ad infinitum."

A good Civil Service system would be death to all these Sees.

We congratulate Mr. Kelley, in conclusion, upon his manly, sensible letter; and hope that every candidate for a Congressional re-nomination will write a similar one—and that every District Convention, of both parties, will adopt resolutions in favor of a Civil Service Bill.

OUR LETTERS.

R. V. C., of Amsterdam, New York, writes:—

"I have been a reader of THE POST for nearly forty years, and it has no superior as a family paper. Its contents are chaste, refined, and entertaining."

Dr. J. A. D., of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, writes:—

"I think THE POST the most readable of all the multitude of literary weeklies. I never intend to be without it again."

Mr. S. H., of West Milton, Ohio, writes:—

"I have taken your paper for thirty years, and could hardly do without it. No family should be without THE POST."

R. M. J., of Pittsburg, writes:—

"THE POST has been so long in my family, we should feel lost without its weekly appearance."

C. P. E., of Brownsville, Tennessee, writes:—

"I received the Sewing-Machine Premium all right, and am much pleased with it. I shall endeavor to get up another club."

E. M. S., of New Harmony, Indiana, writes:—

"We have been taking your paper for twenty-seven years, and think we cannot do without it. Would like to have you republish the Channings."

We do not like much to republish stories—though "The Channings" is one of Mrs. Wood's best. But just now we have so many new stories announced, it is impossible to find room to republish anything.

THE POST.

Our readers will find in our present issue an article from THE PROOF SHEET, written by Eugene H. Munday, giving an account of the life and fortunes of this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is the second article of a series upon "The Press of Philadelphia," which has been commenced in the "Proof Sheet." Mr. Munday leads off with our respected senior, "The North American and United States Gazette," whose illustrious predecessor, "The Pennsylvania Packet," commenced in 1771, was "the first daily newspaper printed on this continent."

Some of our readers perhaps will be surprised to learn that THE POST was not founded by its present editor and proprietor. Two or three years ago we received a letter from an old gentleman, expressing his conviction that we must be a very venerable person indeed, for he remembered reading THE POST with delight when he was a boy, and he had ascended to the snowy summits of life. But, as it will be seen, we were not the founder—and "wise men lived before Agamemnon." A long line of very able, distinguished and "remarkable" gentlemen occupied the editorial chair of THE POST before it became our lot to do our best to enlighten this erring world.

It will be noted that THE POST was originally printed in Franklin's old printing office, and on the old Franklin Press, now in the Patent Office at Washington. Thus its fortunes are linked with the venerable name of the philosopher who first summoned the lightning from the summer cloud, and made it confess its parentage and its name. If the genial and comprehensive soul of Franklin occasionally visits its old haunts, may it pause sometimes for a moment over our sanctum, and inspire our spirit with such thoughts as may benefit the country he served so faithfully and loved so well.

HAD, IF TRUE.

At a recent meeting of the Central Union of workingwomen in New York, one of the speakers, Mrs. E. A. Lane, of Massachusetts, asserted that in the New England states there were to be found children under twelve years of age, working in factories for eleven and twelve hours a day. The speaker compared this state of affairs with the condition of the working people in England, where by law, manufacturers were prohibited from employing women for more than eight, and children for more than five hours a day.

Our good friends in New England require looking after. We hope they will not put us to the trouble of getting up a Reformatory Society for their benefit. We hope Mrs. Lane is mistaken in her averments. Working children for eleven and twelve hours a day, is not just the thing for states which set themselves up as models and examples for the rest of the country. But would Phillips suppress his voice, and Garrison not cry aloud in the streets, if this thing were true? It is not to be thought of.

Minnesota claims to have ice thirty-three inches thick and clear enough to read a paper through.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Clinical Pharmacy and Therapeutics*, 25, 1-7

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and almost none, here—

They have another of my friend's friends. Lament in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is less than 20 years since I have got my Lament, and never heard of a child dying of group with my Lament was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me and many state if it was \$10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, head-ache, tooth-ache, sore throat, swellings, sores, and skin diseases.

Uses.—*As a dyestuff*, it is used to color and stain the linin, book, and cloth. *No one can* try it who is not a chemist. *It is* warranted perfectly safe to use internally. *And* directions with every bottle sold by the druggists and chemists in the United States. *Detroit, 10 Park Place, New York.*
9th St.

Occupational Allergens.

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing agent. Whenever it is barred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this invigorant, but powerful stimulant, man's medicinal irritantum of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this connection, and I shall not say and add, be it mentioned. After

Occupational Allergies

First, purgative is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is burred by circumstances from unworldly notions to this inviolate, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal irritant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this case; and the intelligent age, and tried by this criterion BOTTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons charged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation on the floor, morphine is always in some degree polluted, the salubrious vegetable acids is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is as mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure effusive stimulant, time tested—or rather counteracted—with the fruit extracts of potent roots and herbs and herbs. The pharmacopoeia like this, but what are they? The

of only single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an astringent, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; now are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurant and an antiepileptic.

The beneficial effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is satisfactory, and is what to this day vitally affects the human mind, the magnetic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to live for even just a few hours without the life-sustaining influence of related atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and an astringent is urgently required. This grand desideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength en-

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!
Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of

*Flush and Bright, Clean Skin, and
Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.
Hendway's Serravallo's Blood-Tonic.*

Every drop of the Serravallo's Blood-Tonic commences through the Blood, Heart, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, have

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Rheumatic, Eruptive, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worms, Salt Rheum, Ringworms, Acne, Black Itch, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancer in the Womb, and all Weakness and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it the power of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparilla will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repair will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself

growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillum Emulsion excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,

Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a sickening, burning sensation

when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Hadway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Hadway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Hadway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water

Importantly Notice.—All Soldiers and Sail-

Men who have lost an arm or leg in the service—or
on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to
their advantage to call at our address General Collection
Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia.
JOSEPH R. LEAGUE & Co., op-17

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11st of March, by the Rev. J. W. Bonham, of
St. HOMAS E. SCOTT to Miss MARY A. daughter of
Wm. Hinkle, Esq., both of this city.

On the 10th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters,
of St. J. NIELLY to Miss GRACE A. KIMBLE, both
of this city.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. J. A. Kennard,
WILF. D. READ to Miss HENRIETTA H. AULAND,

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. Saml. E. Appleson, Mr. SAMUEL HADDOCK to Miss JANE MURPHY, of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Berry, D.
D., Mr. JOHN BRAYTON, of Ireland, to Miss MATIL-
DA J. MYERS, of this city.

NOTICES OF DEATHS must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of March, WILLIAM BROWN, JR., aged
years.
On the 29th of March, WILLIAM V. PIER, in his
th year.
On the 31st of March, Mrs. ELIZABETH W. EAKER,
her 50th year.
On the 31st of March, ELIZABETH BASTIEN, in her
th year.
On the 30th of March, Mr. JOHN GREENWELL, in

On the 20th of March, THOMAS W. WATKINS, in his 49th year.
On the 19th of March, HARRIET, wife of John M. Hadden, in her 72d year.
On the 19th of March, HORATIO G. STEEL, in his 42d year.
On the 18th of March, WILLIAM WILSON, in his 44th year.
On the 22d of March, SAMUEL KILLEY, in his 61st year.

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By ANANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cat Ardrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castelli," &c.

Bessy Kane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelist

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Felling," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

BANK HALL SONG.

AIR—"The old oaken bucket."

How dear to the heart is the green covered Ball-field
Where good rival captains their men rightly place,
The pitcher, the catcher, the right field and left field,
The good men, the true men, who guard well each base!
The short stop so lively, the centre field handy,
The ball, and the striker who aims to send high!
But dearer than all to the hearts of good fielders,
Is the leather-clad base ball we catch on the fly—
The jolly old base ball, the well covered base ball,
The leather-clad base ball we catch on the fly.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

The great Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar (who died B. C. 561), when he had completed his conquests, as he found himself in possession of treasures uncounted, and captives by tens of thousands, determined also to signalize his reign by some of the triumphs of peace. He built a new palace of colossal dimensions, and surrounded it with a triple wall, the outer one of which was some seven miles in circuit; he inclosed the city of Babylon with a wall, which, Herodotus says, was about three hundred and thirty-five feet high, and made the Hanging Gardens. This last work was undertaken to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a Median princess. Having passed her younger days in a mountainous region, she disliked the uniform level of the country about Babylon, and pined for the woods and hills of Media. The lofty rocks and various trees of this wonderful paradise were an attempt to imitate Median scenery. These gardens were high enough to overlook the walls of the city, and occupied a square four hundred feet on a side.

It has been a question how these gardens were supported at this great height, as it was, until lately, taken for granted that the Babylonians did not understand the principle of the arch. But it is now known that very perfect arches were built in Egypt, in Assyria, and in Babylonia centuries before Nebuchadnezzar's time, and so the question is simplified.

The ancient Romans, when they had to carry a stone aqueduct across a deep ravine, sometimes built three or four tiers of arches, one above another, till the required level at which the water was to be carried was reached. In the same manner, only on a larger scale, was this mound of the gardens raised. They built one story of stones, covering the required space, on this was placed a second story; and thus was story after story raised. A great mass of earth covered the top, and water was supplied from the Euphrates through pipes. Not only flowers and shrubs grew there, but trees of the largest size; some of them so large that their trunks, according to Quintus Curtius, were twelve feet in diameter. The ascent to the gardens was by steps, and on the way up, among the arches, were stately apartments, whose pleasant coolness the heat of the climate could but little affect.

The Irish absentee landowners spend \$40,000,000 gold, annually, outside of Ireland.

THE GOOD WIFE.

"She makes my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me."—Dr. Chapin.

Blest is the home which hath a wife so sweet,
So kind, so gentle, cheerful, and refined,
That happy is the man in whose retreat
Dwells such a helpmate with such helps combined.

The mystic Veils, goddess of the hearth,
Whom ancient pictures as divinely pure,
Was not more lovely than the wife of worth,
Who home invests with pleasures that endure.

She makes a heaven of her little realm,
Where husband, children, friends, in bliss abide,
And tho' the waves of outward care o'er-whelm,
At home e'er flows contentment's tranquil tide.

How sweetly falls at evening on the ear
The good wife's love-fringed welcome to her spouse;
And then, at morning, her fond words endear
More closely all the treasures of his house.

Praise, endless praise, to Him who giveth all
Good gifts that, in this trying, changeful life,
He granteth such a boon from Heaven to fall
As home made charming by a faithful wife.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Congress.
No. 14.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

OFFERINGS PLACED UPON ALTARS—THRESHOLDS.

"When the Philistines took the Ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon." 1 Sam. v. 2. That the Philistines should rejoice at getting possession of the Ark of God, is readily to be accounted for; since, from their whole camp had gone up a wall of horror-stricken awe, simultaneously with the shout of triumph with which the Israelites greeted the advent of the Ark among their tents. Just as fully assured as had been Israel that victory would come to them with the Ark of God; so as certainly did the Philistines expect defeat as the consequence of its presence on the side of their enemies. Their own language betrays a fear bordering on despair, as they exclaim: "Woe unto us! Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? These are the Gods that smote the Egyptians, with all the plagues in the wilderness." When, therefore, "Israel was smitten, and led every man to his tent, and there was a very great slaughter," * * * and the Ark of God was taken—it was not strange that the Philistines should greet with joy and triumph their unexpected victory. That the Ark should be safely deposited where it would be secure from all probability of again falling into the hands of the Israelites, was also to be expected, as the reasonable dictate of proper prudence and forethought; but why place it "in the house of Dagon," their consecrated temple, and "set it by Dagon," their favorite deity? Was it not an insult to their god, thus to bring into familiar juxtaposition with him a rival divinity—an unwarrantable profanation of his special abode, to hold it in common with another and a strange God—and one, too, who was worshipped only by a race they held in utter contempt, and alluded to as Hebrew slaves? Were they not thus braving the displeasure of their own deity, and even inviting its severest manifestation upon themselves and their country? So it would seem to us, if we were to view the subject from quite another standpoint. The Ark was probably placed, not by the side of Dagon, but before him, upon the altar or table upon which offerings were placed; and the act of these victorious Philistines in laying before, or at the feet of their consecrated divinity, this mysterious symbol of the common practice of all orientals, of placing everything they deem specially valuable, novel, or incomprehensible, upon the altars of their gods. In such a position I have seen at different times a sailor's jacket, a high-crowned beaver hat, a meerschaum pipe, a rusty French sword, an old-fashioned Dutch clock, a greasy pack of playing cards, a ship's anchor, an English "Book of Common Prayer," and even a cast-off bit and bridle—all prized by the natives, simply because they were rare and foreign, and for the same reason supposed to be acceptable offerings to the equally curious deity. Nothing is considered by an oriental too rare, costly, or precious, nor yet too grotesque, to be laid upon the altar of his idol—costly jewels, magnificent ornaments, perfumes, spices and incense from Arabia and Ceylon, exquisite statuettes of gold and silver, medallions and bouquiers of curious and fanciful, rare old paintings, valuable coins, ancient and modern, all lie scattered about in such delectable confusion, as quite to set at naught every distinction of time, place, and nationality. A little farther off, huddled together in strange, fantastic groups, may be seen Chinese dragons of rough-hewn granite, and classic nymphs of pure Italian marble—gods and demi-gods, Greek, Roman, and Buddhist, forgetful of their adverse creeds, stand side by side in unwonted amity—while giants and dwarfs, heavenly damsels and their infernal suitors, demurs and furies, pounces celestial and terrestrial, complete the strange assortment, more varied than ever was peddler's pack, or the multifarious accoutrements of a ship's caboose, whence may ordinarily be obtained whatever is called for from a rusty nail to a cambric handkerchief, a volume of the classics, or a solid pack of cards.

Nor are the treasures of the parterre forgotten in these adornments of idol worship. The freshest and fairest flowers are laid morning and evening upon every altar in house and temple; and many a fair devotee will come, at the first blush of the dewy morn, richly laden with floral gifts only less lovely than her own beautiful self, and lay them, still glittering with the dewy drops of the fragrant morning, upon the altar of her chosen deity, as an offering for some real or fancied dedication. There, amidst the

plumes of Tube-roses and Cape-jasmines, filling the air with their delicate perfume; lilies and jessamines with the faintest possible rose tinge, a scarce perceptible blush, as of their own conscious loveliness; Passion-flowers and moon-creeper in the full tide of blushing maturity—come twined in wreaths and garlands, others arranged in costly vases of fantastic shapes—while lowering above all rise the stately branches of the magnificent Magnolia Grandiflora, the "Pride of the Tropics," bending beneath their wealth of ambrosial treasure, and exhaling with true oriental profusion their rare and delicious perfume—there, amidst this medley of sweets, the beautiful, daimel deposits her gift, and departs with conscious mood of its burden, and accounts squared with her god. All that is rare or beautiful, curious or costly, is brought into requisition to propitiate the favor of the deity supposed to be enshrined in the hideous forms before which the infatuated idolater bows down; and though the hoary idol sits in majestic splendor behind its golden altar, an unconscious recipient alike of the heart's adoration of the humble worshipper, and the costly gifts of the lofty and the proud, the system enthrones itself in the very hearts of these fancy-loving children of the East. And so bedazzling is the gorgeous pageant, that the humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus turns sadly away, little wondering that a religious creed that so perfectly ministers to all the fairy fancies, epicurean tastes and exquisite sensibilities of an Oriental, should continue to hold the countless legions of the Orient so fast bound in its golden chains. But while the splendor of their temple worship gratifies their tastes, it is doubtless the inward consciousness of guilt, the need of somewhat where-with to purchase pardon for sin—the grand desideratum of our race ever clamoring for relief—that induces, in every age and all lands—Christian or heathen, civilized or savage, the erection of altars, and the laying thereon of sacrifices and oblations, as propitiatory and expiatory offerings to some known or unknown god. The very genius of idol worship is sacrifice and oblation—not prayer or praise; while the devotee seems to imagine his god always out of humor and needing to be pacified, angry or sullen, and his favor to be propitiated only by the most costly and oft-repeated gifts.

It was, doubtless, as an offering to their god, that the Philistines conveyed the Ark of God into "the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon," and likewise as the place of greatest security from any possible attempt on the part of the Israelites, to recover their lost treasure. Thus, the Philistines hoped to propitiate the favor of their own god, by laying upon his altar this mysterious emblem of a power, the rumor of which had reached them from afar, working strange wonders in Egypt, and engulfing Pharaoh and his armed legions amid the billows of the Red Sea.

The Ark was also placed in Dagon's keeping, under the belief that he would jealously guard it from their enemies, and most effectually prevent its being ever again used against themselves. That he, their own venerated deity should in any manner succumb to another, seems never to have entered into the calculations of the Philistines; nor could they be persuaded that it was so, even after Dagon's first fall, on the morning subsequent to the placing of the Ark upon his altar. But when the second, catastrophe occurred, in which the idol was not only thrown prostrate on his face, as before; but so horribly mutilated that, as the sacred historian records it, "only the stump of Dagon was left to him"—the unwelcome conviction was forced upon them, that their god could not stand before this mystic symbol of the unknown God of the Israelites, and with one voice they cried out, "The Ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us; for his hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon, our god."

The allusion to "the threshold," in this passage, is also peculiarly Oriental. All over the East, and especially in Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, prostration on the threshold implies the highest reverence and homage for the presence that dwells within, hence the posture of humiliation into which Dagon was thrown before the Ark of God, was perfectly intelligible to the Philistines. The great attention paid by Orientals, to the threshold of holy places and of the abodes of royalty, strikingly illustrates this text, as well as the passage in Ezek. xlii. 8—in which God complains that His holy name has been defiled, by "their setting of their threshold by My thresholds," by which would seem to be conveyed the idea, that idols being placed within His temple, their threshold was identified with His, and the acts of homage then performed by worshippers, were shared by these false gods, instead of being given to HIM ONLY.

In Syria and Persia, mosques and tombs consecrated to the eminent saints there buried, are never entered without prostration on the threshold. Thus in front of the mausoleum of Fatima at Koon are inscribed the words: "Happy and glorious is the believer who shall reverently prostrate himself, with his head on the threshold of this gate, in doing which he shall imitate the sun and the moon." The Persians will even kneel down and kiss the threshold of a sacred place before they venture to cross it, and are extremely careful not to touch it with their feet. In writing to a Sheikh or other venerated personage it is quite common for them to say, "Let me make the dust of your threshold into an ointment for my eyes." How additionally sacred to the Philistines would be the threshold where had rested the head and hands of their consecrated deity; and we can readily understand why "neither the priests of Dagon, nor any that came into Dagon's house," trod upon the threshold of his temple after that day.

Small Sized Orators.

When a man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tendency is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inextinguishable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung up in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell as a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill, Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion. Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had been reduced by his labors in the cause of Reform.

BY THE SEA.

Come out to the side of the sea, my love,
Come out to the side of the sea;
The sun is set, and the stars are met,
And the winds and the waves agree;
But star so bright nor wave so light
Bring pleasure or peace to me;
Oh, come, for I sit and wait, alone,
On the rocks by the side of the sea!

I am going down in my memory,
To the blessed long ago,
When the golden ground of the buttercups
Was dashed with the daisies' snow;
And I'm thinking of all you said to me,
And if it were true or no,
While I watch the tide as it runs away
From the beach so black and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet,
Die of your smile forlorn,
Bury me here by the side of the sea,
Where all my joy was born;
Where the waves shall make my lullaby,
And the winds from night till morn
Shall say to the rocks, "He has gone to sleep
Where all his joy was born."

Are the Negroes Religious?

A recent article in Putnam's Magazine by Miss Elizabeth Kilham, who appears to have been a teacher or manager of one of the Freedmen's schools, discusses the question of the religious character of the negroes. She describes in the first place a negro meeting, which closed as follows:—

"During the singing of this hymn, the excitement, which had been gradually increasing with each change in the exercises, reached its height. Men stamped, groaned, shouted, clapped their hands; women shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the church, trampled their shawls under foot, and sprang into the air, it seemed almost to their own height, again and again, until they fell exhausted, and were carried to one side, where they lay stiff and rigid like the dead. No one paid them any further attention, but wider grew the excitement, louder the shrieks, more violent the stamping; while through and above it all,—over and over again,—each time faster and louder,—rose the refrain, 'Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'!"

"A fog seemed to fill the church; the lights burned dimly, the air was close, almost to suffocation; an invisible power seemed to hold us in its iron grasp; the excitement was working upon us also, and sent the blood surging in wild torrents to the brain, that reeled in darkened terror under the shock. A few moments more, and I think we should have shrieked in unison with the crowd."

"We worked our way through the struggling mass, sometimes pushed and beaten back by those who, with set eyeballs and rigid faces,—dead, for the time, to things external,—were not conscious what they did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement vanished; but the strain upon the nervous system had been too great for it to recover at once its usual tone. More than one of the party leaned against the wall, and burst into hysterical tears; even strong men were shaken, and stood trembling and exhausted."

The question is frequently asked of teachers of freedmen,—that is, it is so far a question that it terminates in a mark of interrogation, but is really an affirmation with an upward inflection, to which an assent is expected as a matter of course: "You find them a universally religious people, do you not?" I know that the answer, according with the honest belief, is generally, "Yes," and I know that I shall place myself in a small and unpopular minority by answering, "No;" yet, in reviewing my observations and experience, that is the only answer I can truthfully give.

Before going among the freedmen, I held in common with others, the idea that they were naturally religious, and that there was both reality and depth in their religious life. "Perfect through suffering," "purified in the fire," were in our minds; and we judged that they who had so greatly suffered must needs be thereby greatly purified, and raised to a higher plane of religious life than we had attained. It seemed that those over whose heads "all the waves and the billows" of sorrow had closed in overwhelming flood, must have laid firm hold upon the only anchor that could sustain them; that those whose very souls were scorched by the "fiery trial" that tried them, must have drunk deep draughts of the "Water of Life," to soothe their agony; that they, who could call nothing on earth their own, must have laid up for themselves abundant treasures in Heaven. And so thinking, we forgot that faith is born of knowledge, and that this was withheld from them; we forgot that their inability to read made the truths and teachings of the Bible a dead letter to most of them; that the only instruction they received was from men ignorant as themselves, who jumbled together words and phrases only half caught and not at all understood, in one mass of senseless jargon; and that all their ideas of religion were gathered in noisy meetings, where those who shouted the loudest and jumped the highest, were the best Christians.

Our sympathy overruled our judgment, and led us into a great mistake in our work. In everything else we strove to teach and elevate the freedmen; in this, most important of all, we sat humbly down to be learners instead of teachers. The managers of the societies had the same idea, and frequently, when teachers lamented the loss of church privileges, would say, "Why, you can go to the colored churches, can you not?" never, apparently, suspecting that there might be any lack of food, mental or spiritual. It was a mistake born of reverence and humility, but nevertheless a mistake, and one that cannot now be remedied; for the moulding stage of freedom, when these people were as wax in our hands, has passed. By our presence and silence we sanctioned their extravagance; and they stand now self-confident, proof against remonstrance and instruction.

The question, "Are the colored people truly and deeply religious?" resolves itself into several questions, which, considered separately, answer this, I think, conclusively. Can an ignorant religion ever be a high type of religion? Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere; but the majority of them were ignorant as heathens of the objects and foundation of our faith. As one proof of this, I never met one of the freed-

men, no matter what their life and character, who did not claim to be a Christian, hoping to "meet de face ob Heben in peace." Other teachers, who have been much among them, have found it the same, and one of the most discouraging features in attempting to make any impression upon them. Opposition may in time be overcome; smiling acquiescence is almost hopeless. Easy assurance is the perfect fruit of utter ignorance, and one of its surest proofs.

"Is noisy excitement a proof of religious feeling?" Yet this is almost the only way in which the religion of the colored people manifests itself. It is very easy to stamp and groan, and shout glory; not so easy to learn understandingly what glory means, and the way to obtain a "good hope" of it. It is easy to call, "jes' now, Lord, come jes' now," without the slightest idea of how the Lord they call upon, does really come, and dwell in the believing heart. It is easy to do and say almost anything in the excitement of a crowd, and what is so said and done, cannot be taken as the genuine feeling of the heart, nor as any proof of the life. The children in our schools would tell us sometimes: "Hetty, or Milly, or Tom, done got 'Nigion las' night;"—that is, they were so worked upon by the excitement around them, that they screamed and stamped (having the power they call it), until worn out, they were carried home exhausted and fainting. But that was religion as they understood it, and these children had got it.

Is the habitual use of religious expressions a proof of real religion? The colored people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than anything else, misled those who were unaccustomed to them. But it will be asked, Are not such expressions prompted by religious feeling? Generally, I think not. Why do they use them, then? From habit. A person may not be the least a hypocrite, and yet use such expressions without thought or meaning. I have heard children on their way to school say, "I ain't late dis morning, bress de Lord;" or boys at play, "I didn't lose dat ar marble, tank de Lord for dat." What prompts these expressions? They repeat what they hear their elders say, and these again speak after the fashion of their people.

Is regular attendance at church proof of religious feeling? Not generally among the colored people. It must be remembered that religious meetings were the only change their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one amusement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feelings and emotions found here the expression that was denied elsewhere. But they go to the evening meetings, stamp, shout, have the "power" and get "religion," and the next day fight, and swear, and steal, as did before, without apparently the slightest recollection of last night's excitement; and at the next evening meeting they will go through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

But, it is asked, are there no Christians among them? Undoubtedly. These are many who seem to have been directly taught of God, and who show the fruits of that teaching in their lives; but I have invariably found them among the quieter ones. Said an old woman, one of the "poor of this world, rich in faith":

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can't feel ter do it. I used ter do it, an' I rally b'lieved it was de Holy Spirit moving me; but one day I war in a heap o' trouble, 'peared like nuffin' didn't gib me no comfort, an' I prayed to de Lord to comfort me himself; an' 'peared like nuffin' spoke right in my heart, soft an' quiet like, an' I 'membered how de Lord war not in de whirlwind, nor in de storm, but in de 'still, small voice;' and I knowed dat de Spirit ter us wid a still voice. He want us ter speak ter Him de same way. So, honey, sence dat ar time I never feelled one bit like hollerin' or stampin'."

And so I have invariably found it with those who were Christians in heart and life, as well as in profession.

One strong argument against the idea of natural religious feeling in the colored people, is the fact, that as they become educated, it generally decreases. The reaction from excitement to indifference, is natural and sure, and as the circumstances of their lives change this feeling is weakened. Those who have been always, or for many years, free, manifest little of such disposition.

Manners.

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad-car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course, they did not reserve one.

Should you purchase your ticket at the office a small saving is the result, besides avoiding the hindrance of making change which many conductors dislike to do. Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors haven't always the time to wait till the portmanteau, pocket and travelling bag are searched, before receiving it.

We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowermost depth of her pocket, then to the same depth of her travelling-bag, where she clutched something frantically, and, in blind haste, handed the waiting official a fine-tooth comb, supposing it to be her ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garments.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your baggage. True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

When the postmaster hands your mail to you, don't ask him if "that is all."

When he says there is no mail for you, don't reply tartly "There ought to be," nor ask him to look again.

If you have a box, don't stand drumming on it till the post-master hands you the contents. Such manifestations of impatience are unpleasant, especially if he is waiting upon somebody else. Finally, at all times and in all places, "What-over ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." For these simple words are the basis of all true courtesy.

A GLOOMY LITTLE TALE.

BY F. W. ALEXANDER.

There was a little maid,
She had a little bonnet,
She had a little hand
With little rings upon it!
This pretty little maid,
She thought it was her duty
To call in every day
To ornament her beauty!

This very little maid,
O, she was plump and rosy,
Bewitchingly arrayed
In a little velvet gown;
And when she was all dressed
In a little hat and feather,
Her little feet were pressed
In little boots of leather!

This charming little maid,
She had a little lover;
Though she was very small,
He was not a bit above her!
Sure such a little pair
Were never seen together
As they went to take the air
In the pleasant summer weather.

But little dreams of love
Oppressed this little lover;
He did his little best
Her feelings to discover!
Alas! this little maid
Had little love of sighing,
And gave a little laugh
When he would talk of dying!

At last his little heart
Was swelled almost to bursting,
Of all upon this earth
He thought Love was the worst thing!
His little head conceived
A little plan concealing—
He tied a little cord
In a little knot called "bowline."

Around his little neck
This little noose was catching,
He kicked away the chair
When nobody was watching!
A little gasp for air,
A little stir and trembling,
His little body hung,
A little corpse resembling.

This rosy little maid,
O, she grew pale with terror
When she knew the little end
Of her venial little error,
For she loved the little man,
With his little paper collar,
And only kept away
To see if he would follow.

This lovely little maid!
She tried a little weeping,
And sought her little bed
To soothe herself by sleeping,
When suddenly she heard
Her chamber door unlocking,
And saw a little ghost
Walk in with little knocking.

This fearful little ghost!
He made a little gesture,
She left her little couch,
With very little vesture;
And through the open door
The little pair together
Passed down into the street,
Though it was chilly weather.

This pretty little maid
Has been condemned to follow
That awful little ghost
With his shadowy paper collar!
Until this little world
And all its little beauties
Are called to give account
Of all their little duties.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE LAST AND FINAL WILL.

In the comfortable compartment of a first-class carriage, one of a train that was on its way to Chilling, sat Major Dawkes. It was not a cold day by any means, for spring sunshine lay on the earth, wooing the hedges to start into bud, the flowers to blossom; but Major Dawkes liked to travel warmly, and a rich fur wrapper, lined with wool and scented silk, lay on his knees. His cheeks wore their usual bloom, his whiskers were of the same old purple richness, and the Major was decidedly getting plump; but he compensated his countenance to a grave sadness by the occasion, for he was hastening down to his wife's death-bed.

At least, he would have told you he was hastening—as he did incidentally tell the old lady and gentleman seated opposite to him in the carriage—for he was rather given to indulge in little boasts of fiction. But the real fact was, that instead of hastening down, he had so contrived to retard his movements, that the closing scene would in all probability be over before he arrived. Which was what he secretly wished.

Mrs. Dawkes had lingered longer than was expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by any one about her. Strange somewhat to say, with the cold weather of the winter she had rallied a little. If it could not be said that she grew materially better, at least she did not appear worse; her progress to the grave seemed to have made a halt—to have become for the time stationary. But the life she led was not any the less secluded; with the exception of the doctors and Mr. Rufort, she scarcely saw any one; visitors to her were, she acknowledged, utterly distasteful. The former restlessness of mind and manner had subsided, and given place to a still calmness. Very peacefully did she seem to wait for the coming death. Nay, to welcome it.

In February Mrs. Kage died. Keziah Dawkes, who took upon herself the ordering of matters, let her be buried without any needless ceremony; neither Major Dawkes nor Thomas Kage was invited to attend the funeral. Caroline seemed not to care one way or the other, and did not interfere; her poor mother was "better off," she said to Mr. Rufort, and it seemed to her whole feeling in regard to it. So Keziah had it all her own way. Later, Mrs. Dawkes began herself to droop again, and when it became apparent that the end was close at hand, Keziah sent up a telegram to her brother. The Major telegraphed back to say he was

on duty, but would get away as immediately as he could. He had always made "duty" a standing plea of excuse. Quietly suffering two days to elapse, the Major then went down.

The first person he saw at Chilling station was Mr. Carlton of the Hall: quite a young man in activity still, in spite of his more than seventy years. He happened to be on the platform when Major Dawkes alighted. The latter (privately wishing him a hundred miles off) went up with outstretched hand and a face as long as a walking-stick, mournfully hoping his dear wife was better.

"She is dead," said Mr. Carlton, privately believing just as much and as little of the displayed concern as he chose.

"Dead! My wife dead!"

"She died at five o'clock this morning, Major Dawkes. So you are somewhat late, you see. Some of us thought you might have been coming earlier."

"Duty," groaned the Major, bolting into the only fly waiting. "Dear me! I should see to my postman's call."

Keziah, gray in face as ever, but intensely calm, received him in one of the smallest and suggest sitting-rooms. He went through the same farce here—the plea of "duty." She believed just as much as she chose; but she held his hand in hers, and murmured her heartiest thanks that he, her ever-beloved brother, was free at last.

"Get any of the brown sherry up, Keziah?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'll take some."

Miss Dawkes went and brought it in herself. The Major drank two glasses of it at once, Keziah fondly watching him.

"All's right, I suppose, Keziah?"

"All is quite right. But I don't exactly know what you mean."

"She expressed no wish at the last about the property, I suppose?"

"None. It was the same as usual to the last hour of her life—utter indifference to all worldly things. She never mentioned her property at all; I feel sure she did not so much as think of it."

"All's mine, then."

"Everything, Barby dear, everything."

The Major tossed off another glass of the famous brown sherry—the same that Mr. Canterbury in his life-time used to boast of. Major Dawkes's head was strong; a few glasses more or less of good old wine made no difference to him.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline had no opportunity of making a will, Keziah. She might have got bequeathing some of her money to those Canterbury women."

"As if I should have allowed it!" responded Keziah. "Barnaby, it is an immense inheritance."

The Major smacked his lips; partly at the sherry, partly at the suggestive thought. He liked to be reminded that he was a millionaire.

"You shall have a share in it, Kez. I shall set you up in comfort for life. This is real property, you see; what I came into when I married was but a limited income."

Keziah smiled. "Limited!"

"Well, it was, in comparison. The bulk of the property lay in Kage's hands then, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at me, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at me, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at me, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at me, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at me, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

half of any wish, expressed by my dear departed wife, I can but look upon as a solemn charge, strictly to be complied with. Perhaps you will oblige me by giving in the list of people yourself, Mr. Rufort; I was not at Mr. Canterbury's funeral, and might make a mistake over it."

But, in one sense, he had been at Mr. Canterbury's funeral. For he had watched the pageant along the road, and made his comments. The recollection flashed into his mind now, bringing a flush to his face. His hopeless condition then, and his flourishing state now, were indeed a strange contrast.

"Who conducted the funeral?" he asked, turning to Keziah.

"I have given no orders," she replied. "I waited for you."

"I wonder who conducted Mr. Canterbury's?"

"I can tell you about that," said the Rector. Young Mrs. Canterbury was inexperienced; and at her request Norris, the solicitor, undertook all the trouble of it, transmitting her wishes himself to the proper quarters. Of course he charged for his time.

Then I think Norris had better undertake this one," spoke the Major, in a fit of liberality. "You can write to him, Keziah."

In his anxiety that things should go smoothly, that all unpleasant reminiscences of the past should be kept down, as well as reflections on the present Major Dawkes was eagerly desirous that these wishes of his wife should be carried out to the letter.

A conviction darted across him that it would be anything but agreeable to have the Canterbury family at the Rock on the day of the funeral, and he would very much indeed dislike the presence of Thomas Kage; but there was no help for it. If he refused compliance, how could he tell that something would not be made of it?—

—tongues were so venomous; and the very idea of any inquiry or unpleasantness turned him sick with an undrawn fear. Refuse compliance in this little matter, and people might ask how he had come into all the money, and what right he had to it. No; the very consciousness that it might be suspected he had wished for his wife's death, made him all the more scrupulous. If only from prudential considerations, to carry out her wishes to the extreme letter. Had they been transmitted to him in private, he would simply have put them and the paper they were written on into the nearest fire; but they came publicly, through the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort.

"I should have refused, Barnaby, had I been you, remarked Keziah, as she finished the note to Mr. Norris, after they were left alone. "It will be frightfully disagreeable to have the Canterbury family here."

"You are a fool, Keziah."

"For myself I don't mind; but I am sure you will not like it, Barby, dear, she resumed, passing over in silence the compliment to herself.

"Don't you see there was no help for it?"

"Yes, there was. You are now sole master here, and need fear no one."

"I don't know about fear," said the Major, dreamily. "One likes to stand well in the world's opinion. The invitation must be given to them, and Kage also; but I should think the Canterburys will not accept it. They must feel that they have no business here, and will be quite out of place. How she came to think of so foolish a thing, is beyond me to imagine."

"Some idea of respect to their father and to them must have been floating in her weakened head," poor creature, murmured Keziah. "She was Mr. Canterbury's wife once, and would not have his daughters quite ignored at her funeral. I wish the day was over. Barnaby, if I were you I should let the Rock."

"I shall sell it," said the Major, improving upon the suggestion. "If I can get my price for it."

He rather wished with Keziah that the funeral-day was over; and it was fixed for an early one. The presence of those ladies and of Thomas Kage would no doubt a little put him out of ease. But it could not last more than his appointed hours, and he determined to make the best of it; and act the host with courteous grace. The anticipation did not disturb him; he was in too gracious a mood for that. His golden dreams were at last realized, and with the death of his wife all tormenting dread had passed away. This magnificent mansion and its magnificent revenues were his; his only, as Keziah said; it was a costly nugget to have come into; and that there could be any doubt that he had come into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed Major Dawkes's mind.

Once more a stately funeral procession from the Rock. In one respect Major Dawkes ignored his dead wife's commands, and abandoned the simplicity she had expressed a wish for. If the funeral procession was not quite of the gorgeous nature that had characterized Mr. Canterbury's, the show was at least sumptuous to look at. In a coach all to himself, following next the hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with all the trappings of woe. In the next were Thomas Kage and Austin Rufort; the latter attending as mourner and relative to-day, not as pastor. And so on a string of coaches and carriages imposing to the eye.

George Canterbury's daughters had accepted the invitation to the Rock, very much to Major and Miss Dawkes's secret surprise, as well as to that of the neighborhood. The only one of them who had fought against it was Mrs. Dunn. Millicent was passive as usual. Olive decided that they should go. After this day, all connection with the Rock and with the second family would be at an end, she observed; and it was well for the party to have a peaceful feeling about it. Besides which, it was the last expressed wish of poor Caroline Dawkes, and therefore to be complied with.

So the four sisters, attired in suitable mourning, arrived at the Rock a short while before the hour fixed on for the funeral. They sat in the grand drawing-room—Olive, Mrs. Rufort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicent. Keziah, in deep black, also was there, playing the hostess. Civility reigned, of course; but, in spite of effort, the conversation flagged, only a remark being made now and then. Once Mrs. Dunn, in her free way, found fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be opened. She could not tell, for her part, why they were closed at all.

"The keeper is getting negligent," observed Keziah; "my brother intends to charge him. There are several alterations and changes he means to make; but he thought it as well to let them be during Mrs. Dawkes's life."

No answer from anybody. Mrs. Dunn had to bite her rebellious tongue though, which had a mind to tell Keziah that the power to make alterations before lay with the Major's wife, not with him.

A weary while it seemed to wait; and, in truth, every Olive wondered why they should have been summoned to the Rock, and thought it was somewhat of a mistake. But the coaches were coming back at last, with their slow tread, bearing the immediate personal friends of the family. The comparative strangers were taken home direct from the churchyard.

As the coaches stopped at the entrance, Major Dawkes (who had been privately hoping nobody would slightly offend that every one did alright, and that Norris, the solicitor, was taking upon himself to invite the company to enter. The Major turned rather red, and would have liked to resent the liberty; but, in the face of the gentlemen, could not say he did not want them to come in. While he hesitated, Mr. Norris walked forward, threw open the door of the library—a room scarcely used since Mr. Canterbury's time—and marshalled the people to it; Lord Rufort and his son, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Kage. Major Dawkes brought up the rear, and pointedly asked them if they would like to sit down. He could not imagine why they need have entered, or what fit of officiousness had taken Norris.

But Norris had disappeared. Only for an instant, when he came in with the ladies—Mr. Canterbury's daughters and Keziah. They all sat down; and then the lawyer addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, Major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating that it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the old leases and the other out-of-date papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke; but the widower smiled with incredulity. The attention of the whole room was aroused, and drawn to Mr. Norris.

"There is no will," I tell you," persisted the Major. "My wife never made one."

"Major Dawkes, she did."

"When and where?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied the lawyer. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes half rose from her seat. Her gray face had a scornful look on it; the gruffness of her voice was unpleasantly perceptible.

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; I can take upon myself to assert it; and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions for a will. When it was prepared, I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

The words were spoken so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the Major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false," she cried, utterly refusing credence. "It is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights, Barnaby. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will; she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognizant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house; certainly was not permitted to be so much alone as she desired to be. She therefore retired to the south wing, and caused the balise door to be erected to shut in her apartments. This, so far, is patent to you and to all. Later, when she had occasion to see a friend or two in private, she ordered the small postern-door to be unfastened. It leads direct up to those apartments, and by that means she was enabled to receive her visitors. They were counted however to one or two. That is how I got access to her."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes, after taking in the sense of the lawyer's words with a sickening heart. "What postern-door? I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not, madam. You are, comparatively speaking, a stranger here. The door is hidden by trees, and has never been used of late years."

Major Dawkes, amidst a multitude of feelings that were anything but agreeable, began wondering whether he had ever known of the postern-door. At first he could not decide; but a thought began to dawn over him that he did once hear of this, and had afterwards forgotten it.

"I can assure you Mrs. Dawkes made her will," persisted Mr. Norris.

"And I can assure you she never did," uselessly persisted Keziah.

"The shortest way to settle it is to look in the drawer and see if there is a will," interrupted Mr. Carlton. "Norris told me coming back in the coach, that I am one of the executors."

"You are," said Mr. Norris; "and Lord Rufort is the other."

Lord Rufort sat still in his chair, too stately to be moved by that, or by any other information; and there was a pause.

"We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes. Major Dawkes was at bay.

"My lord, there is no will. I will equally pledge myself to it with my sister. It will be useless to examine the place."

"As you please, Major Dawkes," said Mr. Norris. "The will was made, and signed, in duplicate; and I took charge of the other copy. To guard against possible accidents," Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with me."

Major Dawkes, felled, and doubly at bay, searched for the key and opened the drawer. There was the will. He could have gnashed his teeth, but for those around. He sat down, and bit one of the fingers of his black kid glove.

"She may have left half the money away from me," he murmured in Keziah's ear, dashing his hair from his damp brow.

Mr. Norris opened the deed and put on his spectacles.

The will began by promising that no person whatever was a party to its contents; that it was the testator's own unassisted act and deed, biased by a sense of justice alone. There were a few legacies to servants and friends; the largest was one, fifty pounds a year, to the nurse Judith for her life, and at her disposal afterwards; and there was a command that the remains of her little boy should be brought from the cemetery at Hampton, to be finally laid by herself and his father.

No answer from anybody. Mrs. Dunn had to bite her rebellious tongue though, which had a mind to tell Keziah that the power to make alterations before lay with the Major's wife, not with him.

A weary while it seemed to wait; and, in truth, every Olive wondered why they should have been summoned to the Rock, and thought it was somewhat of a mistake. But the coaches were coming back at last, with their slow tread, bearing the immediate personal friends of the family. The comparative strangers were taken home direct from the churchyard.

As the coaches stopped at the entrance, Major Dawkes (who had been privately hoping nobody would slightly offend that every one did alright, and that Norris, the solicitor, was taking upon himself to invite the company to enter. The Major turned rather red, and would have liked to resent the liberty; but, in the face of the gentlemen, could not say he did not want them to come in. While he hesitated, Mr. Norris walked forward, threw open the door of the library—a room scarcely used since Mr. Canterbury's time—and marshalled the people to it; Lord Rufort and his son, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Kage. Major Dawkes brought up the rear, and pointedly asked them if they would like to sit down. He could not imagine why they need have entered, or what fit of officiousness had taken Norris.

But Norris had disappeared. Only for an instant, when he came in with the ladies—Mr. Canterbury's daughters and Keziah. They all sat down; and then the lawyer addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, Major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating that it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the old leases and the other out-of-date papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke; but the widower smiled with incredulity. The attention of the whole room was aroused, and drawn to Mr. Norris.

"There is no will," I tell you," persisted the Major. "My wife never made one."

"Major Dawkes, she did."

"When and where?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied the lawyer. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes half rose from her seat. Her gray face had a scornful look on it; the gruffness of her voice was unpleasantly perceptible.

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; I can take upon myself to assert it; and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions for a will. When it was prepared, I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

The words were spoken so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the Major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false," she cried, utterly refusing credence. "It is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights, Barnaby. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will; she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognizant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house; certainly was not permitted to be so much alone as she desired to be. She therefore retired to the south wing, and caused the balise door to be erected to shut in her apartments. This, so far, is patent to you and to all. Later, when she had occasion to see a friend or two in private, she ordered the small postern-door to be unfastened. It leads direct up to those apartments, and by that means she was enabled to receive her visitors. They were counted however to one or two. That is how I got access to her."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes, after taking in the sense of the lawyer's words with a sickening heart. "What postern-door? I did not know there was one

no human prevention," resumed Kestib, her tone low from intense inward pain. "I'd never have failed you, Barnaby, fair play being given me; but how could I combat with shadows that I did not know were there?"

"Must be given all up? Was there no possible loophole by which he could right matters again—or at least fight for it? The Major was deeply engaged in this mental calculation when Mr. Norris came into the room. Instead of departing with the others, he had remained to give candy private charges to Ned, as to the looking closely after valuations. He trusted neither the Major nor Miss Dawkes.

"I have resolved upon my course of conduct," spoke the Major, overcoming his surprise; for he too thought Mr. Norris had departed. "Mrs. Dawkes, beyond all doubt, insane when she made the will; that is, so mentally weakened as not to be of legal capacity. On those grounds, I shall dispute it."

Mr. Norris sent Miss Dawkes from the room, saying that he must speak a word to her brother in private. He made the Major sit down, and drew a chair for himself in front of him.

"Look here, Major Dawkes," he whispered in a cautious tone; "your best and only policy will be to give up quietly. I say this for your own sake. Lying down deep in a chest of mine is another paper of your wife's, not a will. She wrote it last some such contingency as what you speak of, should arise. I have not read it; it is signed and sealed, and my word is passed to your dead wife that that paper shall never see the light of day, and that human eye shall never rest on its contents, unless you force it. It contains a full and explicit statement of the causes and reasons for her disinheriting you. I guess what they are; in fact, I gathered them from her, perhaps unintentionally on her part, when she was giving me the directions for her will. I fancy Mr. Kage could say something, and the nurse-girl Judith. This is private information to you. Take my advice: we lawyers have to give such sometimes, you know; and I shall never speak of it to living soul. That paper, in your own solemn interest, must not be disclosed from its resting-place. You, perhaps, know what the consequences will be: it would not be a question of the loss of property then, Major, but of something more. If I speak plainly, it is for your own sake. Make no fight; don't stir up muddy waters."

The Major's eyes were bent on the ground, and his face wore again its livid tinge. But Mr. Norris, accustomed to read countenances, saw that all idea of opposition was forever abandoned. Oh, they were bitter—the pills that unhappy sinner had to swallow!

"And you will give up possession, Major," Miss Canterbury said at your convenience; I say so soon. It will be more agreeable for you, I feel sure, to be away from here. What I looked in to say was, that I considered it my duty to place Ned in charge, as it were, of the family valuables and that. This is a very exceptional case, you see, Major Dawkes; so I hope you will pardon exceptional measures. And look here: I have no ill-will to you, heaven knows. Man gets led into all sorts of queer corners thoughtlessly; and if I can do you a good turn, I will. Miss Canterbury is of a noble generous nature, and I think she'd do something for you, if she were asked. There!"

The lawyer disappeared with the last words, waiting for neither comment nor answer. Major Dawkes sat on, still as a statue, plunging into a vista of the future—a future encompassed about with the stings of remorse and bitter disappointment. What had he gained by that dark deed he had accomplished in secrecy and silence? Not the golden Utopia, the luxurious freedom he had pictured to himself; but poverty, and guilt, and shame. His wife gone—her money gone—the Rock gone—position gone—all the good things were wrested from him for ever! And Major Dawkes started up wildly, and pulled at his hair with vexed hands, as the thought suddenly flashed over him that, but for that awful deed, he would have been revelling in them yet.

It is often that Satan lures us on to commit evil that good may come, and then turns on us with a mocking laugh. Of all men living, perhaps, Major Dawkes was in that hour the most miserable.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

Thomas Kage had quitted the Rock in the Miss Canterbury's carriage; Mrs. Dunn would go with the Rectory and his wife. Scarcely a word was spoken on the way home. The strange event of the day seemed very startling yet.

"Shall I come in?" he asked when he had assisted them to alight. And he spoke it with so much deprecation, that Olive looked at him.

"Shall you?" she repeated; "why should you not?"

"What has passed this morning bars my right to do so—at least, on the previous footing," he continued when they had entered. "Midnight," he added, turning to her, "this is a cruel blow; for it ought, in justice, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for."

"West now?" cried Olive.

"I possess, by dint of scraping and saving, a thousand pounds is laid by in the bank, to purchase chairs and tables. Midwinter is now worth, at least, a hundred thousand—how much more, I dare not guess. Can I, in honor, still hold her to her promise to become my wife?"

Midwinter Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and cold, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barometer—looking forward to the Woolpack, no doubt, in his own vain heart—say that a hundred thousand pounds was a thing to reject or quarrel with? Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ay, Miss Canterbury indeed! Look at Leto. I dare say she has had her visions, as well as you. The Lord Chancellor and his wig rule England, and she rules the Lord Chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious idealities for the far-off future. No slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you, Mr. Kage. And now you want to upset it all!"

"Is it the money which upsets it?"

"Poor child!" cried Olive, advancing and stroking Midwinter's hair; "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you a home now; and I am sure I will not give you one. I won't harbor a rejected and forsaken damsel at the Rock."

"You are making a joke of it," he said;

and that she should do so rather jarred upon her very serious mood.

"Of all fastidious men you are the most absurd, sir. I don't suppose it is the first time the accusation has been brought against you."

"What would you have me do, Miss Canterbury?"

"Do!" she echoed, in a changed tone. "Ask Midwinter. Money separates you! What next? I never was ashamed of you until now, Thomas Kage."

She left the room; and the next minute Midwinter was sobbing on his breast. Separate, indeed!

With a commotion of rustling skirts, and a fierce bang, in came Mrs. Dunn, who had chosen to alight at Thornhedge Villa instead of going on to the Rectory. Midwinter was then seated, her face bent over a book (held upside down); Thomas Kage was looking demurely from the window.

"Olive! Where's Olive? I want Olive."

Why, Leto, you look as though you had been crying!"

"I'm stammering poor Leto."

"I'm sure it's nothing to cry about," reprimanded Mrs. Dunn, who had not parted with her propensity to set the world to rights. "Poor Caroline Dawkes had been as good as dead so long, that one can't feel it much at last. Don't be stupid, child. Oh, here you are, Olive!"

Olive would have liked them to have a few minutes' conversation to themselves, that they might get reconciled to the new state of things; and she thought Mrs. Dunn was a great marplot. But there was no help for it. Miss Canterbury sat down by Mr. Kage, and began talking.

"Mrs. Dawkes's will, in a different way, is as strange a one as my father's," she observed to him. "Can you account for it?"

"I do not wish to account for it," was the evasive reply of Thomas Kage.

"There's one part I can't account for, and that is why she should have cut her husband absolutely," put in Mrs. Dunn, tilting her black bonnet off the back of her head. "Who can?"

There was no reply. She had not addressed the question to any one in particular, so an answer was saved. Miss Canterbury was occupied with her jet chain; Thomas Kage had turned to the window again.

"One thing strikes me as being remarkably curious," pursued Lydia Dunn. "That Mrs. Garston at the last altered her will, so that the pittance she left the Major should be paid to him weekly. It was just as though she foresaw what has come to pass, and would secure him from absolute starvation."

"Yes, that was curious," warmly assented Thomas Kage, a strange light in his luminous eyes.

"It strikes me that you know more than you will tell us, Mr. Kage," she rejoined, suddenly.

"That I know more? What of?"

"Why, of the reason for Mrs. Dawkes's cutting him off. He was her husband; nobody can deny that. I see you won't admit anything, Mr. Kage. You law-people are closer than wax. But I have my own thoughts about it now and again. Odd ones, too."

"I cannot help feeling sorry for Major Dawkes," observed Olive. "His present position must be a pitiable one. As to its cause—I mean his wife's motive—I do not think we are called upon to speculate upon it, Lydia."

"He'll quit the army—that's a matter of course," went on Lydia. "He and Kestib will club their means together, and go over the water and live. You'll see. He has his four pounds a week; she has about the same. They won't quite starve."

"No, I must take care of that," murmured Miss Canterbury. "I think, with Mr. Carlton, that it is very strange Caroline left nothing to you," she added to Thomas Kage. "I have a suspicion that you prevented it yourself."

"I told her I would not accept it if she did."

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not Caroline's to leave; and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property?"

"A small slice of it would not have been missed."

"Perhaps not," he said; "but I had no claim to a slice, small or large. No; I would not have accepted a shilling."

"Well, you are fastidious," cried Olive, looking at him; "obviously honorable."

"I think I am only just, Miss Canterbury."

"But, oh, what a strange thing it is, that our own money should have come back to us!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I cannot yet realize it: when I wake up to-morrow morning, I shall not believe it's true. It did not bring altogether luck or happiness to those to whom it was left when papa disinherited his own people."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage; and he knew it, far better than she did. He assured of one thing, Miss Canterbury: that an unjust will never prosper the inheritors. All my experience in life has proved it to me."

And do you be assured of it also, my readers, for it is a stern truth. Look out for yourselves in life, and mark these cases. Years may go by, all apparently flourishing; but when the final result shall come—as it surely will—you will see what it brings. Over and over again has the bitter truth been spoken—"It brought no blessing with it."

Summer sunshine lay around the Rock; summer brightness glistened on it. The old family were within its walls again, and wrongs had been righted. There had been no trouble: Major Dawkes had given up early possession, bestowing himself off one morning quietly with Kestib at his heels. He was no longer Major now, except by courtesy. As Mrs. Dunn predicted, he had made haste to sell out of the army, never again to re-enter it; and had taken up his residence across the Channel with his sister, on a very fair and sufficient income. Were men generally rewarded here in accordance with their deserts, Major Dawkes might perhaps have confessed to himself that, after all, he was more lucky than he deserved to be.

Not quite all the family back at the Rock who had been turned out of it; for Miss Canterbury alone was left of them. Mrs. Ruford was at the Rectory; Midwinter was already on the verge of entering a new home.

For this was the wedding-day—as might be seen by the gay carriage passing to and fro, and the gay dresses within them. In vain Midwinter had pleaded for a quiet wed-

ding; in vain Thomas Kage had threatened to run away with Leto beforehand if they were to be subjected to display: Miss Canterbury would in either case. They had had enough of quiet weddings, she said, and decided for a grand one. A gracious mistress, she, signing in her own birthplace, the Rock; but rather an antecurial still in the matter of taking her own way. And grand it was, especially considering that two lords were at it.

Lord Ruford begged to be allowed to give the bride away. Percival, Earl of Hartledon, invited himself, and came down with Mr. Kage—the two close and confidential friends of many years. Richard Dunn and his wife Sarah came to it; Lydia Dunn was of course there, buster and finer than anybody. Lord Ruford's stiffness had somewhat relaxed of late; for the fortune his daughter-in-law had come into afforded him the most intense gratification.

But the ceremony was over, and the breakfast was over, and the bride-carriage was at length off amidst its cloud of old shoes. The out-door groups were cheering, the church-bells were ringing.

"Thank goodness, it's at an end," laughed Thomas Kage, as he leaned back in the carriage, leaving the noise and excitement behind. "Leto, I vow I'll never get married again."

"I think one time quite enough," she answered, with a shy laugh, and a blush.

"Farewell to Leto!" he murmured, three parts to himself; "farewell to all the old reminiscences, and once most of them, that the place has wrought into its history. Henceforth we begin a new life, Leto. I trust a happy one."

"I am sure of it," she breathed.

"Ay, yes; with Heaven's blessing."

A very short bridal tour was to be theirs, for Thomas Kage had chosen to get married in the busy season when the law-courts were sitting, instead of waiting sensibly for the autumn. And then the house that had been Mrs. Garston's would receive them, henceforth to be their home.

The sunshine lay, white and calm, on the road; the birds sang, the swallows dipping as they flew; the yellow corn was ripening; the summer flowers threw up their sweet perfume; the trees waved gently against the blue sky; the mountains basked in their hues of light and shade; on all things there seemed to rest a holy gladness, speaking to the heart of peace.

And the horse, spanking along, carried the chariot away in its distance.

THE END.

FALSE HAIR.

The price of false hair in England has gone up four hundred per cent. within the last few years, and the amount now used is four times as great, so that sixteen times as much money was spent upon this article of adornment in 1869 as was devoted to it in 1857. Mr. Parkinson—a recent writer on the subject—visited one of the large warehouses devoted to it, in which huge canvases, each weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and containing about six hundred and wear a wig when they were turning gray, they now dye their hair; and when they are bald they grow a beard, and, if necessary, dye it; the process through which they have to go being very different from that which was in vogue in the days of oil, when a man had to sit in seclusion, with his head covered with lime-powder and cabbage-leaves, till his hair changed from gray to black, or sometimes, as happened in the case of Mr. Timonius, to blue.

STRAWBERRY MOSE TREES.

This is a freak of the Parisian florist, and has proved quite successful, producing a pretty novelty. Roses blossoming and strawberries fruiting on the same stem gratifies both sight and taste. In the autumn, a number of good kinds on their roots are planted in pots, at the same time a willow-rooted strawberry vine, in good bearing condition, is placed with each rose and planted just beneath the stem of the rose.

It is well known that the runners of the strawberry soon make their own roots, and in due time the runners are cut off, making these cuts as for a scion, and then grafted into the rose stem without cutting the runner from the parent plant in the ground. They should be cultivated with great care, to induce the sap upward to the scions, cutting off all blossoms and many leaves from the parent plant. Thus treated, the strawberry will blossom and bear perfect fruit upon the rose tree for some time, and present a most attractive appearance.

THE Quarterly Review, in its recent article on "The Arts of Modern Medicine," finds a spark of genuine truth in the following explanation of recent changes in practice. A student was asked how it is that "fever patients used once to be bled to excess, and are now-a-days supplied with beef and brandy, without so much difference as we might expect being found in the bills of mortality?" The examiner of course expected to hear something about what is called the change of type in disease, but the reply was, "It seems to me that our patients are much sicker than we take them for!"

THE German translations of Dickens have made his works popular all over Germany. He is always mentioned by his early nom-de-plume, *Bos*, which the Germans after the analogy of their language invariably pronounce *Bos*. They think the English a strange language, to spell a man's name *Dickens* and call him *Bos*!

During a late strike of printers at Perth, the managers of one of the newspapers invited the subscribers to assemble in one large room, where all the manuscripts of which the journal would have been composed, had the printers not rebelled, were read aloud.

The Saturday Evening Post.

FROM "THE PROOF-SHEET."

In the spring of 1831, Robert B. Coffin had attained some reputation as a poet under the nom-de-plume of the "Boston Bard." He had been a compositor in the office of *The Village Record*, at West Chester, Pa., where he wrote some stanzas on "A Blind Girl," which elicited popular sympathy from the fact of their having been put in type by a blind compositor, daughter of Mr. Miner, then publisher of the *Record*. Mr. Coffin came to Philadelphia and issued proposals for a literary paper to be called *The Bee*. After he procured about two hundred subscribers, the subscription list came to the hands of Charles Alexander, then a recent graduate of *Eschschol's Poulton's Daily Advertiser*. Mr. Alexander associated himself with Samuel C. Atkinson, of the firm of Hall & Atkinson (successors to Hall & Pierie), carrying on the printing business in the office once occupied by Benjamin Franklin, "back of No. 38 Market street." In this office, the firm of Atkinson & Alexander commenced the publication of the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, the first number appearing on the 4th of August, 1831—the defect *Bee* forming the nucleus of the new enterprise. The "Boston Bard" died of consumption a few years afterwards, at his home in Newburyport, Mass., his last hours being passed in revising the proof-sheets of a volume of his poems.

The office back of No. 38 Market street, four or five doors below Second street, was a medium-sized two-story brick, the first floor occupied as a press-room, with two of Patrick Lyon's presses; the second story divided into two composing-rooms, and the attic used as the editor's private quarters.

The original editor of *THE POST* was T. Cortell Clarke, who withdrew in 1836 and established the *Ladies' Album*, a weekly literary miscellany, which was subsequently merged into the *Pennsylvania Squier*. On the appearance of the *Album*, the *Post* was enlarged—thus paying a compliment to the energy and talent of its retiring editor, whose new paper promised to prove a formidable rival. Mr. Clarke was succeeded as editor by Morton McMichael, who subsequently became the first editor of the old *Saturday Courier*, and now publishes the *North American and United States Gazette*.

The old office, long since demolished, contained in the second story the identical press at which Franklin had exercised his skill, and which now finds a resting place among the curious relics in the Patent Office at Washington. Over the entrance to the composing-room was this "Warning," for the benefit of meddlesome visitors, probably written by Franklin himself:—

"All you who come this curious art to see, To handle anything must caution be; Let by a slight touch, are you are aware, That mischief may be done you can't repair. Let this advice we give to every stranger: Look on and welcome, but to touch there's danger."

This paper, even so late as 1831, was worked off with the laborious manipulation of wrist-dislocating ink balls, and a clumsy beating of forms that brings out the perspiration even to think of, in our roller-dye; while the crude press of Patrick Lyon and even the improved Columbian and the Washington, taxed the pressman's strength from Friday noon—sometimes all night and far into the next day—to work off what would now be a very moderate edition.

While the advent of a new paper required a supply of new type, the old stock was not melted up, but what was then looked upon as the "old Franklin type" was carefully preserved. One use, and perhaps the latest to which it was put, was in the hands of a reverend compositor, who set up his own translation of the New Testament, the profits being taken on the old Franklin press. This was the Rev. Dr. Abner Kneeland, a Universalist theologian, an able and popular preacher in that day.

In 1828, Mr. Atkinson became sole proprietor of the *Post*, and employed Benjamin Mathias as editor, who subsequently became, with John I. Taylor, the founder of *The Saturday Chronicle*. Leaving types for politics, Mathias was elected to the State Legislature, and for several sessions presided as Speaker of the Senate, and was the author of *Mathias's Legislative Manual*—a most useful work. He died a few years since at his residence on Vine street above Tenth. Prominent among the subsequent editors, we may name Charles J. Peterson, Rufus W. Griswold, H. Hastings Weld, and Henry Peterson.

In 1837, the office of the *Post* was removed from Market street to No. 112 Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth. In 1839, to No. 96 Carter's Alley (the northern end of Dr. Jayne's building now occupies the site). In 1840, to the second floor of the old *Ledger* building, S. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets. In 1843, to No. 66 south Third street, over the *North American* office. In 1860, it was removed to its present location, No. 319 Walnut street.

Mr. Atkinson continued the publication until November, 1839, when he sold to John S. Du Solle and George R. Graham. Mr. Du Solle remained connected with the paper but a few months, and was succeeded by Charles J. Peterson—the firm name being George R. Graham & Co. In 1843, these gentlemen sold to Samuel D. Patterson & Co., who, in March, 1848, dissolved the partnership to Edmund Deacon and Henry Peterson, each of whom had previously owned a portion. In 1857, the form was abandoned for the present quarto, and the old familiar form was replaced by the more elaborate one of which we present a reduced fac-simile.

Under the judicious management of Mr. Peterson, now the sole owner, the *Post* is enjoying, in its old age, a high degree of prosperity; a large share of which is probably due to the fact that it has been a favorite visitor in thousands of dwellings throughout all the older states for a period lacking but one year of half a century. During this time, many younger literary journals have been united with it. Among these were *The Saturday News*, published by Louis A.

Gold inherited the remains of the old Pennsylvania *Gazette* office, which his grandfather, David Hall, purchased from Franklin in 1790. Samuel C. Atkinson was unfortunate in business, and in his old age was employed as a journeyman compositor in the office of T. E. Collins, in the building (No. 143 Jayne street) in which *The Post* is now printed. The writer of the article, then an apprentice, remembers him as a portly, somewhat looking gentleman, quiet but pleasant, who bore his reverses with a cheerfulness that does not always accompany success. Mr. Atkinson's last newspaper venture in this city was about the year 1840, when he published *The Temperance Advocate* in Third street near Dock.

Godley & Co.; *The Saturday Chronicle*, by Mathias & Taylor; and *The United States*, published in 1841-'42 by Swain, A. & Simmons, the founders of the *Public Ledger*.

The *Post* is the oldest of the Family Newspapers, and for many years had a monopoly of its special field. Nearly all the prominent writers of the country, for the last fifty years, have contributed to its columns, and the reputation of many were established through its agency; but many who glowed with pride as they saw their maiden efforts in its pages, now sleep forgotten in unknown graves.

Of the English authors, Mr. G. P. R. James, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Henry Wood, and others, have contributed to its pages—the last named having written several novels for the *Post* before the review of "Est Lyones" by *The London Times* made her famous. It afforded some amusement in the office of the *Post* to see the very novels which had been published in its columns, without attracting much attention, brought out afterwards with a great flourish of trumpets in England, and extolled in very high terms, when re-printed in this country, by the critics of the American press. "Thus runs the world away."

Though dealing mainly in light literature, the *Post* has never sought to be sensational, and while some of the younger papers exceed it in circulation, none are more highly esteemed, or better calculated to promote the pleasure of the family circle.

To the Sea-shore.

You go down pale, neuragic, depressed, feeling life an intolerable burden, skeptical of love, despairing of success, finding all pleasure but a *Don Quixote* of which you have only the shadow, having destroyed even the best fat outside you would have you drag on from day to night and from night to day without falling into the pit of paralysis or the bewildering maze of madness; and, gloomily, wearily, you saunter down to the beach and watch the waves as they come running in like old friends to greet you. You have not watched them long when you begin to feel a stirring at your heart—a timid peeping forth of placidity and content, that careful culture may in time develop into happiness. You think it would be almost a pity to die, so long as you can stand there and look on the smiling face of the mighty mother—that mother, even more loving than she who bore you, more healing, more patient, more constant! You seem somehow to be losing the obsessive presence of your anxieties, to be conscious of their fading into the dim distance, whence their poisonous breath cannot reach you; and you think that perhaps, after all, you can overcome that terrible mountain of despair which has risen up so heaven-high before you, and that everything is not quite lost as yet. And so, day by day, and hour by hour, the *Frank* sea breeze—blessed be the gloomy coquette that has encompassed you, and leave you freedom and contentment in their stead; till, by the time your visit is ended, you hope again for happiness, and determine to make a bold push for success. You believe in love, you hold to life, and you go back to work with clear brain and rosy cheeks, with a glad heart and renewed courage.

The treaty looking to the acquisition of St. Thomas seems to be doomed. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations unanimously disapprove it, and their report is likely to be agreed to by the Senate. The San Domingo treaty is not so decisively disapproved, but seems to command small support. One of the strongest objections made to it is that it involves an outlay that cannot be estimated. Another is that we want no more Latin population. "Latin" is good, considering that three-fourths of the population of San Domingo is said to be negro.

Some of the fashionable colored ladies of New York, heighten the brilliancy of their complexions by artfully arranged pieces of white court-plaster.

The Congregationalist asks: "Was it malice, fan, or wisdom which prompted the answer of a Sunday-school expert, to the question, 'What is the best method of distributing library books?' 'Tarow nine-tenths of them out of the window!'"

Eighty-nine dozen eggs, given an Illinois minister, at a donation visit, is called "lay activity."

The behavior of Captain Eyre is an outrage upon humanity and a disgrace to the British flag.—*London Times*.

FRICTION MATCHES.—The London Quarterly Review gives 127 known fires as resulting from the spontaneous or accidental ignition of friction matches, and says that one of the largest London Fire Offices, speaking broadly, states that the lucifer match case is an annual loss of ten thousand pounds!

James Freeman Clarke truly says that "in every Christian denomination there is a minority which does not accept the creed of the body, but remains united with it because it sympathizes with its spirit and likes its method."

An enterprising journalist got into the secret session of the Ecumenical, an Eastern bishop in full regalia. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police escorted him to prison. The papal police escorted him to prison. The papal police escorted him to prison.

The late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, used to say that Gov. Rittor, of Pennsylvania, told him that he intended, in his first message, to recommend the exclusion from the state of Yankee pedlars, because they sold outworn "made out of white pine and basswood, which is good for nothing, for you know, and everybody knows, that the right kind of outworn is made out of saw-saw."

Cornelius O'Dowd says that in England a man meets a marvellous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I, of course, except America," he says, "for with us we work life at a high boiler pressure, but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves."

William Penn made treaties of friendship and alliance with thirteen distinct tribes of Indians, whose attachment to the Quakers has never been broken.

"My boy, what do you mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold rice, sir."

It is dangerous to be "highly spoken of" in Cincinnati. A baby was left at a rich man's door the other night, with a note, saying, "Having heard you spoken very highly of, and also that you was extravagantly fond of babies, I have brought you this treasure."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Moses Skinner in Washington.

I arrived here yesterday, and went directly to the White House to see Grant. My Uncle Joshua used to take all his grand-mother's skin-milk as regular as could be—so I have always taken an interest in his family; and since he came into the Presidency, I have regarded him as a sort of adopted relative.

Strange as it may seem, I found the great statesman in, but he was so busily engaged drawing up a petition to Congress to have the Capitol removed to Long Branch, that at first he didn't see me, so I spoke to him.

"Well, Ulysses, my talented Rebellion Cracker, how does she run?" said I.

"Middlin'," he replied, "middlin'. Who are you?"

"Why, you ain't forgotten me?" I inquired. "Oh, Fane! what a hollow monkey thou art! And is it for this?" I continued, in a Fletcher voice, "is it for this that I originated and got up a mammoth Peace Jubilee, which excited in its ramifications every other P. J. in the world, and invited you on purpose to draw the crowd, for I knew you were good for something, Ulysses, and I couldn't bear to see you wasted. Oh! it is too much, a darned sight too much!" and I sunk into a ten-minute's repose by the window, utterly prostrated.

He soothed me like a petted child. Yes, with a corkscrew and a wineglass did he soothe me, and soon no trace of my deep emotion was visible, except an occasional hiccup.

"Now tell me all about it," said he. "Is the Jubilee over yet? And how is the Coliseum? Is she pretty well now?"

I told him the Coliseum was no more.

"Did she die easy?" he inquired. "Tell me all about her last moments."

"Well," I replied, "she passed away without much pain. First, she had a severe attack of wind colic, which somewhat prostrated her, but the doctors built her up with some pieces of the Presidential sausage, till they could draw lots to see who should put her out of her misery; then they had a post-mortem examination and found a large bug in her stomach, which I believe was the only thing that kept her alive."

"What kind of a bug was it?" he inquired.

"Humbug," said I.

We chatted awhile on the state of the country, and then I hinted by my recommendations for office, signed by some leading politicians for whom I have done considerable stop-work.

"What kind of an office do you want?" he inquired.

"Well," said I, "I ain't proud. If you've got an empty Collectorship, or a vacant Custom House that needs a guardian who would love it as he would his own flesh and blood, such an one, sir, I think I could get away with. You see, Ulysses," said I, "my Uncle Joshua used to take all your grand-mother's skin-milk just as regular as—"

"Oh, bother!" he replied; "I can't do anything for you. The fact is, you must excuse me now, sir; but any time when I'm not at home, I should be perfectly charmed to have you call. Do you stay in Washington long?" he asked.

I told him that my longevity was about five feet nine and a half in my stockings, and that I inherited it from my parents, free from any incumbrance, and it was the only thing I did inherit.

"I myself inherit shortlegvity," said he; "and now, sir, good-day. You will no doubt find Washington society dull just now, on account of Lent. Do you keep Lent?" he asked.

"No, I don't," I replied, "but I keep borrowing, and I always thought I should like to borrow of a President, so as to tell my grandchildren of it. A sum as paltry as seventy-five cents would carry out my idea," said I, "if you happen to have it about you."

"No," he replied, "my money keeps Lent, too."

From the White House I strolled into the Treasury building, where they turn out those pretty pieces of green paper with figures on 'em. I told Mr. Spinner, who was busy writing his name on a big pile of one-dollar greenbacks, that I was a Boston drummer, and if he would give me some samples of his different styles of bills, I thought I could sell some for him. "The folks out way like your goods fast rate," said I, "but there ain't no regular place where they can go and get 'em, so the demand exceeds the supply. And if I should make a success of it," I continued, "why not start a branch house in Boston? I've been practising on your name for some time, and I can write it tip-top, though for the present, I am free to confess, that that last curly tail knocks me. Come, what do you say, Spinner? Is it a go?"

He didn't take any notice of me at all, so I went down to the Senate chamber. They were having a very stormy discussion there about passing a bill, but I couldn't make head nor tail out of it. I suppose, though, that some Senator had been passing a counterfeited bill, and they were blowing him up about it. This was too personal to suit me, so I left.—*True Fling.*

The Progress of Opinion.

A Nantucket sea-captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompanied him on one of his early whaling voyages:

Stiles was a simple-hearted, transparent young fellow; and, when we sailed, had been "paying attention" for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting, on her part, was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a stand-by, in default of a better offer.

"I don't believe," Stiles would say, with a deponent shake of his head, "I don't believe Ann Jones 'll have me, anyhow."

When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles' tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed too. "Well, I don't but what Ann Jones 'll have me, after all."

With a thousand barrels of oil under hatchway, he became still more hopeful. "Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones," he would say, "pretty good now."

At fifteen hundred barrels he had assumed a self-satisfied manner, and soliloquized, "I guess there's no danger but what Ann Jones 'll have me now."

At two thousand barrels—"Ann Jones 'll be glad enough to get me now, I know."



SHOCKING RESULT OF DARK VEIL.

We humbly beg this young lady's pardon (who is really rather a pretty girl,) but, being short-sighted, we positively took her for a lady of color!

When we cut up the last whale that was to fill the vessel's hold and squared away for home, Stiles threw his hat in the air with a wild Indian yell of triumph, exclaiming—"I'll be darned if I have Ann Jones, anyhow!"

An Equivocal Apology.

In a certain country town lived two worthy men—neighbors and friends—but they never could agree upon political questions.

In dispute one day, one of the disputants lost temper, and called the other a liar, fool, knave, and so on. This was his weakness. He easily lost self-control, then was very abusive, and then repented. On the occasion referred to he was so chagrined at the exhibition he had made of his passion, that he soon called upon his neighbor, penitent, and purposing an apology.

We give, in substance, the apology:—"I am ashamed of myself for being so abusive in my talk to you. To think I should call a neighbor and friend a liar, fool, and knave! I am very sorry, and I have come to apologize. Forgive me. I know not why it is that in my talk with you I lose my temper. But the fact is, you always talk so much like a jackass, I can't help it!"

A Lenten Anecdote.

A clerical principal of an English boarding-school for boys called his pupils together at the beginning of Lent, and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and, after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report:

"RESPECTED PRINCIPAL—I have the honor to report that your pupils have religiously considered the subject submitted to them by your Reverence, and have unanimously voted to dispense with *hush* during the season of Lent."

BE A WOMAN.

Of I've heard a gentle mother, As the twilight hours began, Pleading with a son on duty, Urging him to be a man. But unto her blue-eyed daughter, Though with love's words quite as ready, Points she out the other duty—"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something Made of hoops and silks, and airs; Used to decorate the parlor, Like the fancy rugs and chairs? Is it one that wastes on novels Every feeling that is human? If 'tis this to be a lady, 'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter Speak of something higher far, Than to be mere fashion's lady—"Woman" is the brighter star. If ye, in your strong affection, Urge your son to be a true man, Urge your daughter no less strongly To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model Of that high and perfect beauty, Where the mind, and soul, and body, Blend to work out life's great duty. Be a woman; naught is higher On the gilded list of fame; On the catalogue of virtue There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! on to duty; Raise the world from all that's low, Place high in the social heaven Virtue's fair and radiant bow. Lend thy influence to each effort That shall raise our nature human; Be not fashion's gilded lad; Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

VULGAR ERROR REGARDING TROPICAL VEGETATION.

"VEGETATION."—"It is a vulgar error, copied and repeated from one book to another," says A. H. Wallace, "that in the tropics the luxuriance of the vegetation overpowers the efforts of man. Just the reverse is the case. Nature and the climate are nowhere so favorable to the laborer, and I fearfully assert that here the 'primeval' forest can be converted into rich pasture and meadows, into cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, containing every variety of produce, with half the labor, and what is of more importance, in less than half the time, than would be required at home, even though there we had clear, instead of forest ground to commence upon."

Roman Customs.

Roman men usually went bareheaded, and it was thought to be a mark of effeminacy to wear a hat; as a protection against bad weather they covered themselves with the upper folds of the toga. But the Roman women indulged in very costly head-dresses, among which we find one that proves that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the present style of bonnets. The world certainly moves in a circle, so far as fashions are concerned; and in the little hats no bigger than a man's hand that have adorned the heads of ladies during the past few years, we have simply returned to the Roman fashion plate of eighteen centuries ago. The style of hair-dressing which we call chignon, the Romans called *tutulus*. It was considered a great art to construct this properly, and females served a fixed time as apprentices in order to become expert in it.

Early Training.

An instance of early training, about which there may be some doubts, is to be found among the Harrington family records. A great-uncle of Sir Joseph, vowed to avenge the murder of her husband, who was hanged before her eyes, because she would not give up her castle. Her opponents had given her the choice between surrendering her castle and seeing her husband hanged, and she had replied with dignity to the messenger:

"Mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Mount Castle; they may serve for your wife on some future occasion. I won't render my keep, and I'll tell you why. Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle, so I'll keep what I have."

Evidently his great-uncle was a shrewd, practical woman. The result of her answer was that in half an hour her husband was swinging before her gate. She then called up her young son, and showing him his dangling parent, made him swear vengeance on the murderers. The oath having been duly taken, she said to the servants:

"Now take the boy and duck him head over heels in the horse-pond."

Thus the oath and its consequence were fully impressed on his mind, and no sooner had he come to years of discretion than four of the hostile family were missed in one night.

"There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two maids and no captain."

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Choose a Family Horse.

A writer in the London Spectator says it need scarcely be said that a carriage horse is not often pleasant for riding, though conversely it may be improved by it. Practically, therefore, a horse is not likely to do more than one thing well. This extends even to its pace. The high action of a good trotter is often accompanied by a slow, rather mincing walk; but a horse that gallops well is pretty certain to cover ground rapidly in walking. We agree with a "knowing hand" that a "man who is a tolerable horseman had better choose a high-coupled horse."

A badly bred horse may be often a strong, hardy animal, but it will knock up if it is pushed, while the thoroughbred will go on till it drops. A thoroughbred ought not to be chosen for pounding along turnpike roads, as its legs will not stand constant hammering. A cob had better be avoided, unless its history is known, as no horse is more likely to be tricky. For several reasons it is better to buy a horse under seven years old. With such a one a reliable guaranty of age can be procured, whereas the horses that are just aged, that is to say, just eight when they come into market, occur in numbers that might baffle a Quæstor. Again, horses are so badly used and so overworked in England, that it is quite uncertain how much strength an eight or nine year horse may retain. As a rule, no animal that has been hacked at such places as Brighton or Oxford ought to be bought. After a year or two of such work the mouth is generally spoiled and the sinews of the leg gone.

Some persons consider color an indication of temper, and distrust a bright chestnut. We believe that the rule is sound, but the exceptions are numerous. The eyes and ears of a horse when it is first led out, when its mouth is handled, when a whip is shaken near it, and when it is backed, are much better criteria of anger no less than of fear, and are easily recognized. A horse sometimes overthrows its fore legs, so to speak. This is a dangerous fault, as the centre of gravity, being too far forward, the beast is

likely to stumble. A horse with its belly "tucked in," as it is called, that is to say, going up backwards, as in a griffin—a fault more common in carriage horses than in hacks—feels and carries badly, and will wear out rather sooner than another. Ladies and Cockneys are a little apt to admire thin chested, spindle shanked horses. Of course this is a mistake.

DOORS AND GATES.—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture in advocating proper fastenings for open barn doors and gates, says that more than half the wear and tear of barn doors comes from slamming, and that when a boy he came very near being killed by a barn door which was closed with great force by a gust of wind. The cattle had knocked down the prop which had been placed against it when opened.

Difference in the Quality of Eggs.

The Journal of Agriculture says, though most farmers keep fowls and raise their own eggs, there are many who have not learned the difference there is in the richness and flavor of eggs produced by well fed hens, and those from birds that have been half starved through our winters. There will be some difference in the size, but far more in the quality. The yolk of one would be large, fine colored and of good substance, and the albumen, or white, clear and pure; while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fowl, to properly carry out and complete the work nature had sketched. In order, therefore, to have good eggs, the fowls should be well fed, and also provided, during the months they are unable to come to the ground, with a box containing an abundance of fine gravel, that they may be able to grind and prepare their food for digestion. Of eggs, those from the domestic hen are decidedly the best, but those of ducks and geese may be used for some of the purposes of domestic cookery.

Importance of Good Seed.

To illustrate the importance of high culture and thoroughbred seed, I will mention an instance that has come under my notice the present season. Mr. David Westcott, of Salem, has two acres of onions, to which he applied fifteen cords of muscle-mud of the first quality, and twenty-five cords of well-rotted stable manure, measured as thrown lightly into the cart without treading, and probably equal to eighteen cords trodden. He sowed the very best quality of known thoroughbred seed on an acre and three-quarters, then sowed seed grown by a neighbor, of as good quality as the average used; not having quite enough, he bought more as a seed store to finish the field. All came up equally well. On the part sown with thoroughbred seed there is scarcely an imperfect onion, and the crop is the largest in the vicinity. On the part sown with good seed, the onions are ten days later, of inferior quality, and less quantity, and valued at twenty-five per cent less than the first. On the part sown with seed from the store, (which probably was of about the quality usually in the market,) the onions were still later, of much worse quality, and less quantity, and valued at fifty per cent less than the first. Any one walking across the field could tell at a glance, and to a row, where the different qualities of seed were sown.

Here, then, is an instance where a field of onions, under very high cultivation, was treated every part exactly alike, except in the quality of seed sown. The thoroughbred seed yielded the value of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, more than the average quality of seed generally used by farmers who grow their own, and three hundred bushels per acre more than the average quality of seed sown in the market. This estimate is made while the crop is yet in the field, and six hundred bushels of onions, of the first quality, is not an over estimate of the product per acre from the thoroughbred seed.

I have no doubt that the careful selection for seed, year after year, is just as important and profitable in all other vegetable and grain crops as it has been shown to be in the case of the onion crop just cited. The raising of seed may be made profitable, provided the grower conscientiously offers none for sale that is not true to description, and of the best thoroughbred quality, grown from selected stock, years in succession. A few years of such business would secure a reputation worth a fortune, for seed will always sell at very high prices.—*Mr. Ware's Address at Essex Co. Fair.*

RECEIPTS.

RE-COOKING COLD BALT BEEF.—The remains of cold boiled beef are very good made into potted meat for breakfast. Half fresh meat should be used with it. Also, a cottage pie makes a nice luncheon dish, made entirely of the cold beef. We have had a kind of hotch potch made of it, the beef being cut in small pieces, and put with plenty of vegetables and some stock to warm, and served up in a tureen. N. N.

APPLE PUDDING.—Set as much stale bread in the oven as will make a pint of crumbs. When it is brittle enough to roll, remove, and roll very fine. Take four medium-sized tart apples, pare, quarter, and core, cutting each quarter into four pieces by cutting it in two, both lengthwise and crosswise. Then take one quart and a gill of new milk, the yolk of four eggs, one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, melted, a little salt, and spice to your taste. Beat the butter, eggs and sugar together, and stir in with them all the other ingredients. Bake in the same dish in which it goes to the table, unless brought to the table in small dishes. Before removing from the oven, beat the white of the eggs with a half cup of sugar to a stiff froth and spread over your pudding, and when "set," remove from the oven. To be eaten, when nearly cold, with cream.

APPLE JONATHAN.—Pare, quarter, and core enough tart apples for two layers over the bottom of a deep, square pie-tin, cutting each quarter in two, sprinkle with a little sugar. Then take one coffee-cupful of sour cream, one of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as stiff as will pour. Stir all well together and pour over the apples, and bake until done. Turn out of the baking tin on to a platter, and serve with cream and sugar.

STEAMED BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Place slices of bread and butter in the bottom of a pudding dish, a layer of sliced apples with sugar and nutmeg, another layer of bread and butter, then one of apples, sugar and spice, until the dish is full, having bread and butter at the top, buttered side down. Cook thoroughly in a steamer.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 74 letters.
My 1, 70, 68, 18, 88, 30, 40, 26, 14, 50, 74, is the title of a poem by Tennyson.
My 7, 11, 17, 95, 47, 21, 73, 16, 42, 8, 49, 38, 84, 43, 60, 13, 38, is the title of a poem by Longfellow.
My 24, 62, 67, 10, 57, 28, 43, is the title of a poem by Byron.
My 12, 25, 54, 29, 66, 42, 14, 44, 42, 56, 26, 18, 70, is the title of a poem by Pope.
My 3, 53, 28, 22, 59, 72, 63, 27, 5, 41, 60, is the title of a poem by Tupper.
My 4, 9, 43, 65, 71, 51, 58, 28, is the title of a poem by Longfellow.
My 48, 80, 8, 6, 70, 30, 64, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My 61, 33, 40, 47, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My 53, 17, 58, 28, 46, 8, 17, 25, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My 57, 65, 60, 73, 57, 51, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My 1, 59, 9, 19, 10, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My 56, 9, 32, 21, 20, is the title of a poem by Whitier.
My whole is a quotation from Tennyson's immortal "Locksley Hall."

DOT AND DASH.

Pineville, Ohio.

Enigma.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Strike out my first and I am used to diffuse knowledge.
My 4, 2, 3, expresses something common.
My 4, 2, 1, 3, is used for a peculiar kind of baking.
My whole unites—sentiment, affection, sin, and punishment—all own my power.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

A farmer has a field in the form of an equilateral triangle. In this three horses are staked with ropes of equal length. The circle upon which each horse grazes touches the others externally and also two sides of the field. Now in this pasture there is one acre which the horses cannot feed upon. Required—The length of the ropes and the area of the field. H. R. SPINK.

As an answer is requested.

Average Problem.

The sides of a triangle are 25, 29, and 36 feet respectively. Required—The average of the areas of all the triangles that can be formed by joining three points taken at random on the surface of the given triangle. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

As an answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Why is a prosy speaker like the middle of a wheel? Ans.—Because the fellows around him are tired.
Why is a wax candle like a contented man? Ans.—Because it never wants tuffin.
When is a love deformed? Ans.—When it is all on one side.
Why is a balloon like silence? Ans.—Because it gives ascent.
What noble work have the railroad companies done? Ans.—Distributed tracks about the city.
Why is matrimony like a landed estate? Ans.—It is a proper-tile.

Answers to Enig.

ENIGMA—"The world is grown so bad, that wrens may prey, where eagles dare not perch." CHARADE—Wheel-bar-row. (Wheel, bar, row.)

NOTICE.—The answers to Problems are always to be sent to the "Riddler," but the full solutions, if desired, to the author.

BREAD CAKE of every grade is good if carefully made. The regular receipt reads: "One and a half cup of dough, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Raisins and spice to suit the taste. Mix with the hands until the dough seems thoroughly worked in, adding a little more flour if the dough is thin. Let it raise half an hour. It raises slowly and but little before going into the oven." This is very nice. We have eaten it with a relish when minus eggs and raisins, and with only a tablespoonful of butter and a little play, cinnamon or nutmeg for flavor.

James Freeman Clarke truly says that "in every Christian denomination there is a minority which does not accept the creed of the body, but remains united with it because it sympathizes with its spirit and likes its methods."

An enterprising journalist got into the secret session of the Ecumenical, an Eastern bishop in full rig. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police resorted to him to pi-on. The tailor that made his bishop's robe, was sent to keep him company.

The late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, used to say that the soap has been so thoroughly cleaned, it is unnecessary to use any oil or pomatum whatever, as the natural secretion of the skin is sufficient. If, however, either of the above washes seems to leave the hair dry and the skin harsh, a few teaspoonfuls of pure glycerine may be added to the receipt.

It is of great importance in washing the head, as well as in brushing or dressing it, not to pull or jerk the hair. Everything must be done gently, as violence breaks, splits, and loosens the hairs, ultimately causing them to fall out and leave bare spots. There is a precept in hair-dressing which cannot be too widely known. It is this:—Wash the scalp, but not the hair; comb the hair, but not the scalp.

Except in diseased conditions of the skin, there is no occasion for scratching it with a sharp-pointed comb, or a hard brush. Such irritation frequently leads to disease, and should be avoided. Comb are for arranging and cleansing the hair. They should be of several sizes, their teeth blunt, and entirely free from cracks, splinters, or broken points. If a single tooth is broken or split, the comb should be discarded. Buffalo horn, tortoise shell, ivory, vulcanized rubber, are all unobjectionable materials, though the latter is often inconvenient on account of the electricity it develops.—*Personal Beauty.*